

IDEAS.

It is easy to aim at nothing—and hit it!

The man who reads has the key to stores of knowledge and inspiring thought.

An educated workman said, "I get four dollars and a half a day—half a dollar for doing my work, and four dollars for knowing how!"

Fortune favors the brave.

TAKE NOTICE.

Winter Term begins Dec. 12.

Students from West Virginia come by Chesapeake and Ohio R. R. to Winchester, Ky., and thence south by Kentucky Central to Berea.

Students from Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee come northward by way of Cumberland Gap, or Knoxville and Jellico.

Train from North reaches Berea at 1:22 p. m.; train from South at 11:50 a. m.

At request of many readers we repeat the beginning of the great story by Maj. Winthrop—don't fail to read this absorbing tale—John Brent, on page three. Last week we gave two chapters—this week three.

Take notice of the vast amount of good reading furnished this week, and every week.

The College, Academic, and Normal courses of Berea are well known. We recommend new students to look at the advantages of the newer courses in Applied Science and Nursing.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The African and Philippine wars are about "played out," and the world may enter upon the new year and the new century in a state of universal peace. Long may it continue.

The new census shows that the United States will soon be, if not already, the most powerful nation in the world. May our country also be the most just and righteous.

Li Hung Chang is seriously ill.

Pope Leo is very ill and his recovery seems doubtful.

Rebellion in the United States of Columbia is still going on.

Turkey has contracted for an American built cruiser to cost about \$1,700,000; this will include the amount of indemnity due from Turkey for American losses in the American massacre.

Emperor William has decreed that the study of the English language shall be made obligatory in German schools, instead of the French language.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Republican party will control the Executive Department of the Government, and both houses of Congress. This will give the Republicans a chance to have their own way and to fulfill all their promises and do the country all the good they can. Whatever is done for the next two years the Republicans will have the credit or the shame of it. And while the Republicans have the offices they got them by such small majorities in many states that they may feel sure that if they do not do well they will be turned out two years hence.

Sec. Long says the navy needs 5,000 more enlisted men.

Corn which reached 50 cents in Chicago last week on account of the corner made by Phillips, has gone down again to about 40 cents.

Congress convened at noon Monday.

The first Porto Rican House of Delegates met Monday.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

A great fleet of coal boats from Pittsburgh, Pa. is expected in Louisville to-day.

The Kentucky state law, requiring railroad companies in the state to provide separate coaches for colored people, has been ratified by the Supreme Court of the U. S., Justice Harlan dissenting.

The American Federation of Labor convenes in Louisville to-day.

Monday morning a wreck occurred on the Shelbyville and Bloomfield railway. One man was killed.

The 1st Ky. Regiment was mustered out Friday.

Mr. Yerkes' friends will have to fight to secure the internal revenue commissionership for him.

Locals and Personals.

S. E. Welch, Jr. is occupying his new grocery store.

Jim McClure of Winchester has moved to Berea.

The school at West Union closed Wednesday.

Miss Eva Duncan is visiting in Richmond this week.

Twenty houses are in course of construction in Berea.

J. C. Sharp is busy shipping lumber.

J. A. Hawkins is repairing his dwelling near the depot.

Mr. and Mrs. Kearns have moved to Winchester.

The wife of J. W. Lambert of Snyder Station was buried Sunday.

Miss Edith Fairchild has a good position in the public schools of Elyria, Ohio.

J. C. Lewis has a responsible position as Principal in the colored schools in Cairo, Ill.

William Mullens late of the Cumberland House has moved to Valley View.

Mrs. Pettis and daughter, who have been the guests of Mrs. E. L. Robinson, have returned to Livingston.

Rev. C. H. Palmer has sent in his resignation as pastor of the Baptist Church, to take effect Dec. 30, 1900.

Miss Dora Bingham who was visiting the family of Erastus Spence last winter was married last week to James Moore of Sturgeon, Ky.

The Prohibition Club had an enthusiastic meeting Saturday night. Rev. C. H. Palmer and J. L. Combs gave good talks. Paul Derthick read an excellent address.

Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild has been chosen judge in the Inter-Collegiate Declamatory Contest, at the State College, Lexington, Dec. 14, 1900.

Prof. S. C. Mason has been called to Washington, D. C., to attend a Conference of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture.

The members of the local Y. W. C. A. desire to thank the friends who helped in the Thanksgiving donations. Twenty six baskets were distributed among those who had need. About ten dollars in cash was raised.

Miss Catherine Bullis entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at the residence of Prof. L. V. Dodge. Music and the contents of a Thanksgiving box from far Wisconsin contributed to the enjoyment of the guests.

When young people are coming hundreds of miles to Berea, would it not be a shame if any young man or young lady living within five miles of the College should fail to get a share in its advantages?

In a letter to Miss Woods, Miss Baur, Directress of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, says: "Miss Griffiths, who is to sing at your Christmas Concert, is a charming singer and musician of whom you can say the best things. She studied abroad."

The population of Berea, according to the enumeration made last Summer, consists of about 800 persons. Probably as many more living outside the town limits get their mail at Berea. "Greater Berea," of course would include some seven hundred students, not counted in this enumeration.

Thanksgiving Day means more to us every year. A large audience assembled in the College Chapel, Rev. Palmer read the scripture lesson, Squire Gay read the Thanksgiving Proclamation, Father Fee led in prayer, and Rev. C. L. Work, D. D., of Cincinnati preached a most impressive sermon. His subject was the need of the present—men of conscience, men of usefulness, men of faith.

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Hand Forged, Razor Steel Blades, File Tested, and WARRANTED.

Send us 24-cent stamps and we will mail you a knife the exact size of this picture: it has 2 blades, and retails generally at 75 cts., but to get you to try them we will send you one for 48 cts. or 24-cent stamps. Your wife wants a pair of



Catalogue we will mail you free if you ask for it. Address, MAHER & GROSS CO. 99 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio, and mention the Citizen.

Beware Of The Saints.

The people who are called Mormons, or the "Church of the Latter Day Saints", now have their headquarters in the State of Utah. They are sending "missionaries" through the mountain region of the South, trying to convert people to their peculiar religion.

We want to put our readers on their guard against these missionaries. They come from far away and think they can deceive those who are uninformed. They are not Christians of another denomination merely, but followers of a false religion—as we shall show our readers beyond a doubt.

This week we have space to tell only three or four things about them. 1st: their religion rests upon falsehood. The founder of their religion, Joseph Smith, was known—by those who knew him at all—to be an impostor and a false prophet. He pretended to work miracles and to be living a holy life, while he was really violating the laws of God and man. The origin of the Mormon religion was in deception and imposture.

Second: The Mormon religion establishes a tyranny over its members worse than that of the Catholic Church. Those who become Mormons have to give up their liberty and follow the dictates of the church in all things. They are subject to the commands of the priesthood in reference to their own business and household affairs as well as regarding politics and public matters. They really become slaves to the great officers of that church.

Third: The Mormon religion teaches by precept and example many things which are morally wrong. The most conspicuous of these is polygamy. They teach that it is the duty of every man to have as many wives as he can support, and that it is the duty of women to marry men who already have wives living. The Mormon missionaries and many Mormon leaders now pretend that they have given up polygamy, but this is not the fact. We shall publish next week the account of a man who was converted by the Mormons and went to Utah to find out for himself.

Close of Fall Term.

The best fall term that Berea College has known, marked by the addition of new and popular teachers, unusual progress in all classes, and a large increase in attendance, closed last night with a fine exhibition by members of the A Rhetorical class, conducted by Prof. L. V. Dodge.

We may speak of some particularly fine exercises later. We have now only space for the

PROGRAM:

QUARTET—Sunset. . . Messrs. Lodwick, and Dick, Mrs. Lodwick and Miss Woods.

PRAYER.

SOLO—Marguerite. . . Miss Anna Fay Hanson.

ORATION—Yellowstone Park. . . Carroll D. Murphy, Mt. Vernon, O.

ESSAY—Poetry and Symbolism of the Stars. . . Ellen M. Click, Mulberrygap, Tenn.

CHARACTER SKETCH—Sir Walter Scott. . . H. Maud Hankins, Pawnee City, Neb.

ORATION—A Living Hero. . . John C. Chapin, Litchfield, O.

PIANO SOLO—Tarentelle. . . Miss Edith Ruddock.

ESSAY—The Future of the South. . . Sallie S. Barbee, Saloma, Ky.

DECLAMATION—"When Malinda Sings". . . Harley M. Racer, Jamestown, O.

ORATION—Character. . . Wallace A. Battle, Hartsboro, Ala.

SOLO—Life's Lullaby. . . Prof. Wm. Lodwick.

RECITATION—Weaving the Web. . . Alice D. McKee, Aurora, O.

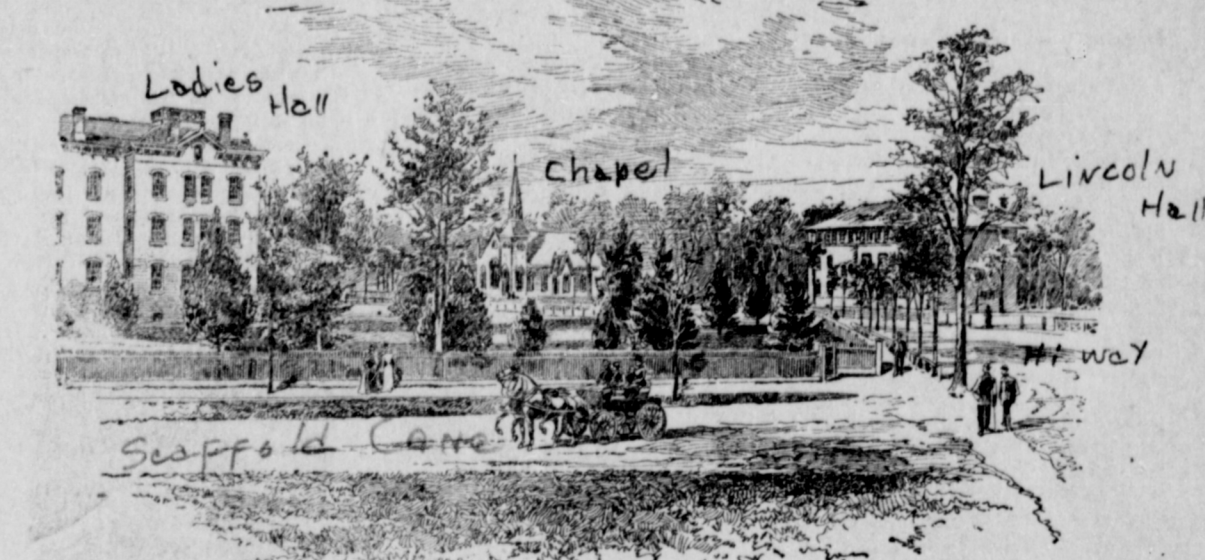
ORATION—Twenty Twentieths of the Nineteenth Century. . . Martin K. Passo, Berea, Ky.

ORATION—The Genesis of a Great Republic. . . Orin H. Yeener, Corydon, Ind.

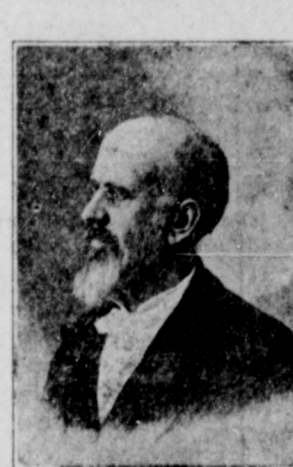
TRIO—The Bird at Sea. . . Ladies' Glee Club.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. . . BENEDICTION.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$300 a year, sure pay. Bonus more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.



Faces of Our Friends.



PRESIDENT FROST.

"President Frost has made us understand the mountain people better. All he has said has made us think more of them. Berea College is helping our friends and fellow-countrymen in the mountain region in the most practical way, and I am glad to do my share to help it on."
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

You are invited to attend Berea College this winter.

A Friendly Letter to Teachers, from Pres. Frost.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I hope this paper will come into the hands of many of the noble army of young people who have been giving instruction in the public schools the past summer. I wish to talk with you about the work you have been doing and the work that is before you.

If you have been a good and successful teacher you have come to love your pupils and you will always be interested to watch their progress and hear of their welfare.

In many cases the teacher is the best educated person in the district. Perhaps you know more of history and arithmetic and science than any one else in the neighborhood. I hope this fact does not make you proud. It ought to make you feel very sober as you remember what a responsibility you have, young as you are, as a kind of leader in the neighborhood.

Now I wish to talk to you a little about your future career. You have gotten a good start and I wonder whether you are going to be satisfied with that, or whether you will reach out for something better. I truly believe that you will benefit yourself and be of more benefit to the world if you come to Berea to school this winter. Let me give you some reasons:

In the first place, you wish to see a little of what is going on in the world outside your own county. No doubt your county is a good one—you have the right to love it—but God never puts all the good things into one place. Now the best way to get hold of the best things is to spend a little time at a really good school. Here you meet teachers from the best schools in the East and the West, and several hundred students, the smartest and most ambitious and the best from different counties and different states.

The next reason why you should come this winter is that every teacher will be your friend. It will be worth something to you all your life to have as your friends people like the teachers at Berea. You will not feel like a stranger very long. Another reason is that you need more training and education in order to win the best success in life—and you can get it the quickest at Berea. You ought to have a plan for your future life. It may be that you will not be able to carry out that plan exactly as you make it, but you will never accomplish anything unless you first plan something. You want to aim at something—and at something good and satisfying.

Now if you wish to be a really first-class teacher, perhaps fit some day to be superintendent in your county, you ought to have a thorough drill in a Normal Course.

Some young ladies do not wish to teach all their lives, but they

still need further education. There is the opportunity at Berea to study the work of a nurse—the care of the sick at the Hospital. Many a young woman has saved the lives of friends and neighbors because she had a little knowledge about nursing. Another way for girls to earn money is by teaching music. A few terms at Berea, if you have a taste for it, would fit you to give lessons to your neighbor girls at home. And every young woman wishes to have the best kind of a home of her own. We provide instruction in sewing, dress-making, cooking, gardening.

Many of our young men are studying the trades, carpentry and printing. Every year people are building better houses, using better furniture, and those who are skilled can earn the best wages because they can do the best work. In your life-time there will be a great development in this country. The people who have skill will profit by this development, and those who have not enough enterprise to learn a trade will be pushed aside in the great march of progress.

There is the best of instruction also at Berea in regard to farming. Whether you take the farm course or not, you will pick up a great many ideas about the care of stock, the rotation of crops, the care of forest lands, and other things which will benefit the people.

A still greater reason for coming here this winter is that you will learn to enjoy many of the higher pleasures of life. You have had a little taste of these higher pleasures. You have heard some good music and some good addresses at teachers' institutes. You have perhaps read one or two books that have given you a little idea of these higher pleasures. Come to Berea and find out more about them. What a pity it is that any one should live and die and know nothing about some of the best things that there are in God's world! Come to Berea and get acquainted with its teachers and students, and you will become a member of a choral class and a literary society, and find yourself enjoying things that are better than any you have ever known.

Think of the difference between a winter wasted at home and a winter which may make you twice as much of a person as you now are. Do not let any obstacle stand in your way. You can get to school this winter. You may not have another opportunity—certainly you may never have a better opportunity than now. For the sake of yourself and your family and your neighbors, strike out and accomplish something worth while this winter.

And one thing more: I can say to you with all confidence that it will pay you to perform a long journey, if necessary, to reach Berea. When you are going to school you want to go to the best school. It costs no more to attend the best school than to attend a poorer one.

We have spared no pains to make Berea really the best school for you. We have gathered the best teachers from far and near. We have secured the best buildings of any school in this region. We have the largest college library in Kentucky, and much expensive scientific apparatus. We have a variety of courses of studies to suit all who come. Berea is the only school which draws students from the North as well as the South. Many of the best people of the whole country have taken an interest in Berea College. Theodore Roosevelt has written letters of commendation, and Helen M. Gould came all the way from New York to visit it.

So we hold out our hand to invite you. Come and find friends, education, happiness, true success.

THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

BEREA, : : KENTUCKY

THE NORTHAMPTON CASE.

Multimillionaire Robert J. Clapp Confesses to the \$2,000,000 Bank Robbery of 1876.

Northampton, Mass., Dec. 1.—The whole mystery of the famous \$2,000,000 Northampton bank robbery of 1876 has just been cleared up. Robert J. Clapp, worth \$5,000,000, gained in honest pursuits, has confessed that as a youth he helped James Dunlap, Bob Scott, "Red" Leary and "Shang" Draper, a clever gang of safe crackers, to put through the gigantic scheme which was at once the talk of the world. Clapp's life has been full of romance. He has run gamut from a scapegrace and tramp to a comfortable millionaire. His wife was an Indian squaw, but she died shortly after their marriage. It was she who revealed to him the secret of the Pelly river, Alaska, brought to him the knowledge that has given him his gold. Dunlap and Scott, with Leary and Draper, planned the great Northampton bank robbery and got away with nearly \$2,000,000. Leary and Draper restored their share and got off without a sentence. Dunlap and Scott were sent to state prison for 15 years each. Scott died in prison in 1882. Dunlap was pardoned in 1892 by Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts.

Till Thursday it was never known that Clapp was ever in the gang.

LIVE STOCK SHOW.

One of the Greatest Ever Held in This Country Opened in Chicago Saturday Morning.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—What promises to be one of the greatest live stock shows ever held in this country opened Saturday morning in the Dexter Park pavilion at the stock yards. Over 10,000 pedigreed animals have already been received and it is expected that this number will be increased considerably by Monday morning. The display of blooded stock will represent a cash value of over \$2,000,000. Six hundred classes are listed and prizes amounting to \$75,000 will be awarded. Hundreds of visitors have already arrived and the hotels are crowded with stockmen from all parts of the United States and Canada. The first of the judging will be done on Monday and although the show was open Saturday, the formal opening will be on Monday morning.

FERRY BOAT CAPSIZED.

Four Men Lost Their Lives in the Spokane River—Five of the Passengers Swam to Shore.

Spokane, Wash., Dec. 1.—Four lives were lost here Friday night by the capsizing of a ferry boat in the Spokane river. The ferry is about two miles down the river. It was crossing the stream with 18 workmen who had ended their day's work in a construction camp near the Great Northern's new bridge. The men crowded to the bow, and it was forced under the swift current and the boat was swamped.

All the men were thrown into the water. Five swam to shore and the others climbed on the capsized boat. The waves ran high and washed four of them off to death.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SMALLPOX.

Over 300 Cases of a Mild Character in Winona, Minn., Mostly in the Fourth Ward.

Winona, Minn., Dec. 1.—According to Secretary Bracken, of the state board of health, who was called to Winona Friday to investigate the epidemic that is gaining grounds in this city, gives out the statement that the disease is evidently smallpox of a mild character. It is said that there are over 300 cases, mostly in the Fourth ward, which is largely a Polish settlement. It was said Friday night that all the schools, churches and saloons in the Fourth ward will probably be closed and will remain closed until the board of health recommends their opening and a strict quarantine will be established in the infected district.

The Army Bill.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The house committee on military affairs began consideration of the army bill Friday having as basis the measure prepared in the war department. No definite conclusion was reached because the committee had not a quorum present, but it is understood that the sentiment is strongly in favor of the maximum number of men asked for in the war department.

Kearney's Second Big Fire.

Kearney, Neb., Dec. 1.—Kearney suffered its second disaster this week by the burning of its gas plant Friday night. If the Standard oil tanks should now be destroyed, the citizens would have to resort to tallow candles. Tuesday the canal pipe which supplied the electric light plant burst and the flood from the lake wrecked the lighting plant, causing a loss of \$50,000.

Will Hang December 21.

Manila, Dec. 1.—Gen. MacArthur has confirmed the sentence of hanging passed upon four natives recently convicted of murder at Lingayen. The condemned were members of the Guardia de Honor, a band of assassins whose victims were kidnapped and beheaded. They will hang December 21.

KITCHENER ADVANCED

He Has Been Appointed to Supreme Command in South Africa.

If the Government Withholds Reinforcements, He May Be Greatly Handicapped in Pacifying the Boer Country.

London, Dec. 1.—There was virtually no fresh news from South Africa Saturday morning; but the retirement of Lord Wolsley, the return of Lord Roberts and the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the supreme command, occurring as they do simultaneously are keenly discussed. Despite some misgivings hearty approval is generally expressed of Lord Kitchener's appointment. It is felt that, if any one can clear up matters in South Africa, he is the man; and it is readily admitted that the task before him, though of a different kind, is almost as difficult as that which faced Lord Roberts ten months ago, and is calculated to give the fullest scope to all of Kitchener's talents as an organizer.

The Morning Post hints broadly that the recent demand of Lord Roberts for reinforcements has not been complied with and insists that Lord Kitchener's hands must not be tied by any lack of men and horses. It says: "If reinforcements are withheld or delayed, Lord Kitchener may be paralyzed with what consequences to the empire no one can foresee. From 30,000 to 50,000 men are required."

All the editorials dwell with considerable emotion on the nation's debt of gratitude to Lord Roberts, who has "successfully piloted us through one of the darkest hours of our history."

From Cape Town come indications of the uneasiness felt. All military posts throughout Cape Colony are being strengthened. Bloemfontein is now prepared for any possible attack. Extra scouts are out and guards watch the streets in the night. Mines have been laid along the railway. The garrisons on the Orange river drifts are being increased.

At the same time measures are being taken to assist in the restoration of order and prosperity. The Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Mail announces that "the British are distributing oats and seed potatoes among the surrendered Boer farmers at nominal prices without which the farms would go untill another year."

DEDICATED TO KRUGER.

Senator Fabre Presents the President With a Copy of His "Life of Washington."

Paris, Dec. 1.—Senator Fabre called on Mr. Kruger during the day and presented him with a copy of his "Life of Washington" dedicated as follows:

"To the Grand Old Man, who, by his struggles and presidency recalls Washington, and to whom France has given the same enthusiastic welcome as offered to Franklin, regretting she has been unable up to the present, to co-operate in the foundation of the United States of South Africa as she cooperated in the foundation of the United States of America."

The Hobart Monument.

New York, Dec. 1.—The design of the monument of the late Vice President Hobart has been decided upon at Paterson, N. J. The successful competitor is Philip Martin. It shows Mr. Hobart standing with a gavel in his hand and leaning forward slightly as if listening to the speaker. It will be of bronze and be about nine feet in height. It will stand upon a pedestal in front of the city hall in Paterson.

The Antarctic Expedition.

London, Dec. 1.—At the meeting of the Royal society Friday evening it was announced that the projected National Antarctic expedition would start next autumn and that the construction of a vessel to be named Discovery had already been commenced at Dundee.

Dolliver's Successor.

Washington, Dec. 1.—It seems to be generally understood that Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, will be appointed to the vacancy on the ways and means committee caused by the resignation of Mr. Dolliver, in which case he probably will retire from the committee on insular affairs.

Identified Her Assailant.

Burlington, Ia., Dec. 1.—Mrs. Linter, of Cedar Rapids, whose husband was killed and who herself was fatally shot by a footpad Thursday night, is still living. Friday she recognized George Anderson, arrested at Paterson, Ia., Friday morning, as the man who assaulted her husband and herself.

Declines to Accept.

Grinnell, Ia., Dec. 1.—Prof. Frank K. Sanders, of the chair of biblical literature at Yale, who was elected early in the fall by the trustees of Iowa college to the presidency of the institution to succeed Dr. George A. Gates, has declined to accept.

Chief of Police of Manila.

St. Louis, Dec. 1.—Chief of Police John W. Campbell, of St. Louis, has been offered the position of chief of police of Manila, under the civil government now in course of formation, and the offer has been accepted.

CONVICT ROAD BUILDERS.

Employed with Considerable Success by California and Several Other Commonwealths.

The legislature and people of California have not been idle in the work for good roads nor blind to the needs of the state in this respect. Up to a few years ago some of the convicts had been supported in comparative idleness at the expense of the state, while others had been utilized in direct competition with free labor. In 1895 the legislature decided at the suggestion of Gen. Roy Stone to utilize convict labor in preparing road materials. A bill was passed providing for a highway commission and for the construction of a rock-crushing plant on one of the state prison grounds. Since that time the convicts have been turning upward



AN OBJECT LESSON ROAD.

of 100,000 tons of crushed trap rock annually. Much of this material has been given to the counties as the state's contribution toward the improvement of the leading thoroughfares.

North Carolina, Delaware, Iowa, New York, Tennessee and other states also have laws providing for the use of convict labor in improving highways. North Carolina has made great progress and has built more miles of roads under this system than any other state. This one might, if space permitted, go through the whole list of states and find evidences of great progress in road improvement. Gov. Mount, of Indiana, for instance, says that his commonwealth is provided with 58,000 miles of graded, graveled and piked highways, over 8,000 miles of which are comparable with the best roads of France. The public is now more thoroughly aroused to the importance of the movement for better roads than ever before, and more roads and better roads have been built in the United States in 1899 than in any previous year in its history.

The agitation which has become so universal will surely result in a well defined public sentiment that will soon overcome all obstacles. With the new century the good roads movement is likely to receive valuable aid from the owners of horseless vehicles already not uncommon on our thoroughfares. The aid of these new allies added to that of the farmer with his pecuniary interest in the question, to say nothing of the army of wheelmen already enlisted in the cause, promises well for a rapid spread of the movement throughout the country.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

ABANDONED FARMS.

They Are a Sad Commentary on the Ignorance or Carelessness of Their Owners.

Every once in awhile we notice reports of what certain men have done on so-called abandoned farms. Often the returns from the land are quite phenomenal. The explanation is that some man with both brains and money has taken hold and put into practice business methods. Had these been put into operation from the first there would have been no abandoned farms. Men that have investigated the conditions in localities where such lands have been thrown out of cultivation have found that the lands had become run down through constant cropping, without putting back the manure necessary to keep up the fertility. What is true of the east is equally true of the west, and unless the methods on some of our farms change the time is coming when the farms will cease to give a living. There are two unfortunate classes of men that try to run farms: those that have money and no brains for agricultural enterprises and those that have brains and no money. The latter class is, however, of the two more likely to succeed. In these days of agricultural colleges, experiment stations and abundant opportunities there is no reason why the man that has money cannot obtain the necessary brain development to help make a success of farming.—Farmers' Review.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

One thousand five hundred motor car licenses have been taken out in Belgium from January 1 to August 30.

Self-propelled lunch wagons are to be built at Worcester, Mass., where is the headquarters of this distinctively American institution.

The park commissioners of San Francisco have at last decided to admit automobiles in Golden Gate park after the drivers have obtained permits.

Within less than a year from its erection the motor vehicle stable at Harvard university, Cambridge, has been increased to twice its original size.

An automobile freight line will shortly be established between Los Angeles, Pomona, Ontario and Chino, Cal. A 40-horse power automobile truck capable of hauling eight or ten tons of freight at slow speed will be used.



ONES' WILL.

One day a little wave—indeed, he wasn't naughty. Though the others tried to hush and keep him still— Said: "You mustn't think, my comrades, that I'm quarrelsome or haughty. But I want to be a rainbow, and I will!" So the sun came shining gladly, and the wind came blowing madly. And the little wave leaped up to catch the light; And for half a glorious minute, with only sunshine in it. He flashed in seven colors on the sight. So when behind your task the harder ones come trooping. While the senses only peace and pleasure crave, And o'er the humdrum work your heavy head is drooping— Just think you of that rainbow and that wave. —Harriett Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.

HOW CHOPPIE TRAVELED.

Cat Made the Tour of Europe and America in Company of His Loving Little Mistress.

Choppie is a handsome tortoiseshell cat, which once belonged to a little English girl.

One foggy night, at a hotel in London, Louise and her mother heard a pitiful mewling out on the window ledge. Upon opening the window they soon discovered a little, half starved and frozen kitten, which had wandered over from the neighboring roofs.

Louise begged of her mother to take it in, and at once got some warm milk, and made a bed for it, where it was soon snuggled down asleep. From that time on Choppie became the constant companion of Louise. Whenever and wherever she traveled Choppie went, too—over Italy, Switzerland and the British Isles. Six times



CHOPPIE, THE TRAVELER.

With whiskers long and snowy white. And eyes of shining green. This little pet is our delight. A beauty to be seen.

Choppie crossed the Atlantic between London and New York, and several winters were passed in Florida.

Choppie had a padded basket to travel in, where he would stay so quietly that his fellow-passengers never knew of his existence. At the various hotels where they lived this wise cat would softly creep into a bureau drawer while his mistress went to her meals, and never attempted to come out until she returned with his portion of food.

Choppie was always fond of music, and when his little mistress would play the piano he would curl himself up on one end of it, and softly purr with half-closed eyes while listening to his favorite melodies.—N. Y. Tribune.

PONY KILLS A SNAKE.

Just in the Nick of Time San Jose Appeared and Saved the Lives of Three Children.

A California farmer who has three small children owns a pony called San Jose, which is their constant companion. They have ridden him, rolled over him, fed him and pulled his ears, and evidently consider him one of the family. Even if the children went on an expedition when they did not want to ride, San Jose went along as though he had been a pet dog. One day the three children went on a nutting expedition, and while they gathered the nuts the pony wandered around and grazed. Suddenly, almost beneath the feet of the nut gatherers, there was an ominous whirr, and they saw with horror a huge rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The children clustered together with white faces, too terrified to move, but as the deadly head went back there was a quick trample of hoofs, a rush through the bushes, and San Jose leaped into the ring. With his four little sharp hoofs brought together he shot up into the air, landed square on the snake's coil and was off again before the wicked head could strike. The interruption had released the frightened children from the charm, and they ran a short distance away and stopped to witness the fight. The rattler was wounded, but full of fight, and coiled again, and again the pony landed and got away safely. This time the body was nearly severed in two places, and the snake was done for. San Jose pawed over the quivering coil with one fore foot, gave a cheerful whinny and returned to his grazing.

A Wall from Experience.

Carter: "I'll tell you what it is, old man, wife-beating is an awful thing. Marter: May be, but I don't think it's half as bad as having a wife you can't beat." —Boston Courier.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

What He Knows About Turkey, Their Habits, Weaknesses and Ultimate Destination.

In the geography we read about Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, with the capital city, Constantinople, near the strait called Bosphorus. But we now write regarding turkey in the United States, and he is the boss for us.

He is a very fine fowl, and just as anxious to go headlong into a fight as the country for which he is named.

Two years ago last summer, when I was a little boy—I am not very big yet—I was in Ohio visiting some relatives.

One day when playing in the barnyard I saw a very large turkey-gobbler. People call them gobblers, not because they gobble everything they can eat, but because they talk way down in their throats, and the only word they can say is "gobble," and that word they say over and over again with a great flourish of their wings and tail.

Well, I had on short trousers, long red stockings and a red necktie. The turkey did not see me at first, but I saw him, and said "gobble" once or twice. I do not know exactly how many times I did say it, but am sure it was not more than twice, for when he heard me and saw my red stockings he made for me with all sails spread.

His face turned as red as fire, and he gave me to understand that that word "gobble" was his word. I believe he was bigger than a baby carriage, and about the shape of one, too.

I was scared, and I fairly flew to a corner close by, ran in and shut the door behind me. Then a man came and drove him away.

The saddest part of this true story is that I did not get to stay and help eat that old gobble on the next Thanksgiving day.

As soon as I got safely out of that corner I went to the house and changed my stockings and necktie. Red was an unhealthy color to wear in that barnyard.

The first settlers of this country did not have Thanksgiving day very regular, but when they did they also had roasted turkey.

There were a great many wild turkeys in those days, and they were fatter and nicer in November than any other month in the year. One turkey and a few pumpkin pies would make a meal for a family.

The turkey could be found in the woods and the pumpkins in the corn field.

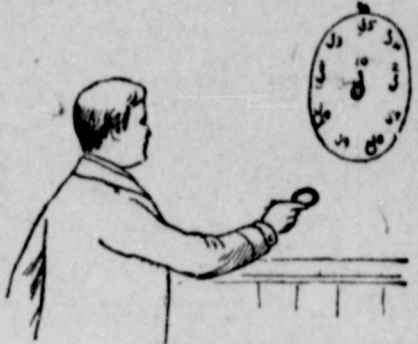
I sometimes feel sorry for the turkeys about this time of the year. But I would rather be a turkey-gobbler than a goose. It is hard to tell which has the ugliest voice. Both have a sad time of it in November and December.—Golden Days.

NOISELESS RING GAME.

It Is Real Sport and May Be Improved Without Any Expense by Any Boy or Girl.

The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired for the amusement of friends. First obtain a smooth head of a flour or sugar barrel, and see that the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board, or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose.

Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board, arranging them as shown in the accompanying illustration, and mark above each hook its number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the board or a screw-eye inserted, by which to hang it upon the nail in the wall.



AN INTERESTING GAME.

No. 10 is a sort of "bull's-eye," and each player, being given three of the rubber rings, takes turns in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting 100 points being the winner. However, exactly 100 points must be made. For instance, if a player has 99, he has to work for Hook No. 1, as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty add to the interest of the game.

An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Biddy Killed a Big Hawk.

An Oregon woman is the owner of a hen that she wouldn't trade for a whole flock of blooded poultry. It is the only hen in Oregon, perhaps in the United States that ever fought and killed a hawk. The hen was tending her brood in the usual way, when a chicken hawk made its descent. The hen didn't squawk and run, but, with a fierce and well-directed blow, buried her bill beneath the hawk's left wing. It may have been a chance blow, but it did its work effectually. The hawk seemed surprised and dazed. It feebly arose, flew aimlessly against a clothesline, and then dropped into the garden stone dead.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for December 9, 10th—Bartimeus Healed.

[Prepared by H. C. Lathrop.]

THE LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 10:46-52.)

46. And they came to Jericho; and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging.

47. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out and say: Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

48. And many charged him that he should hold his peace; but he cried the more a great deal: Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

49. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him: Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.

50. And he cast away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.

51. And Jesus answered and said unto him: What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto Him: Lord, that I might receive my sight.

52. And Jesus said unto him: Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Lord, that I might receive my sight.—Mark 10:51.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The connection with last Sunday's lesson includes the parable of the laborers in the vineyard (Matt. 20:1-16), a third prediction by Jesus of His death and resurrection (Mark 10:32-34), the request of Jesus and John that they might occupy high places when Jesus came into His Glory (Mark 10:35-45), and then the present lesson. Jesus had now crossed the Jordan and had come into the land of Judea proper. Matthew gives us the account of two blind men, but Mark and Luke tell the story only of these men, Bartimeus by name.

On this part of His journey Jesus was accompanied by great crowds, doubtless mostly people who were going to Jerusalem for the approaching feast of the Passover.

Bartimeus, a blind beggar by the roadside, soon learned that it was Jesus who was coming. Jesus had healed blind men before, and Bartimeus determined to appeal to Jesus for help.

Where had Bartimeus heard that title, "Son of David," applied to Jesus? It may be that the disciples had preached the Messiah, but it is as well at least to suppose the blind man had made his own deduction. Jesus had healed lepers, restored sight to the blind, made the lame to walk, and even raised the dead. He could be no other than the Messiah, therefore the "Son of David."

His cry was for mercy, "have mercy on me." That is a word upon which emphasis is laid in the Scriptures. The psalmist in the temple prayed: "Be merciful to me, a sinner." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," declares Jesus in His Sermon on the Mount. There are none who do not need mercy, none who can afford not to show it to others. It is the quality which has in it the essence of Divine love.

Jesus stopped and called for the man who needed help. "He calleth for thee." Here we have one order of events. The man sought Jesus, and Jesus responded by calling for him. In many cases it occurs otherwise. We have it in the Gospel record that "Jesus saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and He saith unto him, follow me. And he arose and followed Him." The important matter is not so much whether the voice of Jesus is heard before we seek Him as it is that the right answer be made to the call. Matthew arose and followed him. "Bartimeus rose and came to Jesus."

"Lord, that I might receive my sight." There is a spiritual and moral blindness. There is the awful calamity of him who has yielded to sin, namely, that he fails to perceive clearly thereafter what is right and what is wrong. Jesus not only restored physical sight when on earth, but He cleared the moral vision. To perceive the right and have the power to persist in that course is the privilege of those who have heard of Jesus. It is not that Christians never err in judgment or conduct. The true Christian is he who strives as best he may to know his duty, to be in sympathy with movements of the highest progress, to do his duty as he knows it, and leave the results with God. He strives to bring his purposes and motives into absolute accordance with that which is divinely and purest.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole." Again Jesus commends faith as the cardinal principle upon which any lasting results can be built. Faith may be said to be the eyes of the soul. They see furthest who have most faith, not necessarily those who have the best reasoning faculties. Faith may be weak, the eyes of the soul may have lost their light. Lord, "help thou my unbelief."

"And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way." Gratitude is one of the lessons indirectly taught. Bartimeus was grateful for restored sight. The only way he could show his gratitude was by following and adding his praises to the praises of the throng. The Christian life consists not only in acknowledging faith in Christ, there is after that the following—persistence in the course that has been chosen.

Terse Sayings.

The God who upholds a universe can uphold you.

Liberty is freedom to do what you ought, not what you like.

If you have religion by proxy you may have Heaven in the same way.

There are some things you must both be and live before you can believe.

The artillery of skepticism often opens up new mines in the mountains of God.

The nails of the cross may mortify the flesh but they are the best tools for the spirit.—Ram's Horn.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER I.

A GOLD MINE.

This is a story not about myself, but about three friends of mine, a man who was a real hero, a lady—well, my readers shall judge of her—and a horse.

A few years ago I was working a gold-quartz mine in California. It was a worthless mine, under the conditions of that time. I had been dragged into it by the shifts and needs of California life. Destiny probably meant to teach me patience and self-possession in difficulty. So destiny thrust me into a bitter bad business of quartz mining.

If I had had countless dollars of capital to work my mine, or quicksilver for amalgamation as near and plenty as the snow on the Sierra Nevada, I might have done well enough. As it was, I got but certain pennyworths of gold to a most intolerable quantity of quartz.

Yes; my quartz had humbugged me. Or rather let me not be unjust even to undefended stone, not rich enough to pay an advocate—I had humbugged myself with false hopes. I have since ascertained that my experience is not singular. Other men have had false hopes of other things than quartz mines. Perhaps it was to teach me this that the experience came. Having had my lesson, I am properly cool and patient now when I see other people suffering in the same way, whether they dig for gold, fame or bliss; digging for the bread of their life, and getting only a stone. The quartz was honest enough as quartz. It was my own fault that I looked for gold-bearing quartz, and so found it bogus and a delusion. What right have we to demand the noble from ignoble?

Steady disappointment, by and by, informs a man that he is in the wrong place. All work, no play, no pay, is a hint to work elsewhere. But men must dig in the wrong spots to learn where these are, and so narrow into the right spot at last.

A word or two of my companions. A hard lot they were, my neighbors within twenty miles! Jailbirds, some of them, of the worst kind. It was as well, perhaps, that my digging did not make money, and theirs did. They would not have scrupled to bag my gold and butcher me. But they were not all ruffians; some were only barbarians.

Pikes, most of these latter. America is manufacturing several new types of men. The Pike is one of the newest. He is a bastard pioneer. With one hand he clutches the pioneer vice; with the other he beckons forward the vices of civilization. It is hard to understand how a man can have so little virtue in so long a body, unless the shakes are foes to virtue in the soul, as they are to beauty in the face.

He is a terrible shock, this unlucky Pike, to the hope that the new race on the new continent is to be a handsome race. I lose that faith, which the people about me now have nourished, when I recall the Pike. He is hung together, not put together. He inserts his lank fathom of a man into a suit of molasses-colored homespun. Frowzy and husky is the hair Nature crowns him with; frowzy and stubby the beard. He shambles in his walk. He draws in his talk. He drinks whisky by the tank. His oaths are constant.

I went on toiling, day after day, week after week, two good years of my life, over that miserable mine. Nothing came of it. I was growing poorer with every ton we dug, poorer with every pound we crushed. In a few months more, I should have spent my last dollar and have gone to day labor perhaps among the Pikes. I saw, of course, that something must be done. What I did not know, I was in that state when one needs an influence without himself to take him by the hand gently, by the shoulder forcibly, by the hair roughly, or even by the nose insultingly, to drag him off into a new region.

The influence came. Bad news reached me. My only sister, a widow, my only near relative, died, leaving two young children to my care. It was strange how this sorrow made the annoyance and weariness of my life naught! How this responsibility cheered me! My life seemed no longer lonely and purposeless. Point was given to all my intentions at once. I must return home to New York. Further plans when I am there! But now for home! If any one wanted my quartz mine, he might have it. I could not pack it in my saddle-bags to present to a college cabinet of mineralogy.

I determined, as time did not absolutely press, to ride home across the plains. It is a grand journey. Two thousand miles, or so, on horseback. Mountains, deserts, prairies, rivers, Mormons, Indians, buffalo—adventures without number in prospect. A hearty campaign, and no carpet knight hood about it.

It was late August. I began my preparations at once.

CHAPTER II.

GERRIAN'S RANCH.

It happened that, on a journey, early in the same summer, some twenty miles from my mine, I had come upon a band of horses feeding on the prairie. They cantered off as I went riding down the yellow slope, and then halting just out of lasso reach,

stopped to view me. Animals are always eager to observe man. Perhaps they want ideas against the time of their promotion to humanity, so that they need not be awkward, and introduce quadruped habits into biped circles.

The mass of the herd inspected me steadily enough. Man to them was power, and nothing else—a lasso-throwing machine—something that put cruel bits into equine mouths, got on equine backs, and forced equine legs to gallop until they were stiff. Man was therefore something to admire, but to avoid—so these horses seemed to think; and if they had known man as brother man alone knows him, perhaps their opinion would have been confirmed.

One horse, however, among them, had more courage, or more curiosity, or more faith. He withdrew from the crowd—the haughty aristocrat!—and approached me, circling about as if he knew himself a higher being than his mustang comrades—nearer to man, and willing to offer him his friendship. He and I divided the attention of the herd. He seemed to be, not their leader, but rather one who disdained leadership. Facile princeps! He was too far above the nobility of the herd to care for their unexciting society.

I slipped quietly down from my little Mexican cabalho, and, tethering him to a bush with the lariat, stood watching the splendid motions of this free steed of the prairie.

He was an American horse—so they distinguish in California one brought from the old states—a superb young stallion, perfectly black, without mark. It was magnificent to see him, as he circled about me, fire in his eye, pride in his nostril, tail flying like a banner, power and grace from tip to tip. No one would ever mount him, or ride him, unless it was his royal pleasure. He was conscious of his representative position, and showed his paces handsomely. It is the business of all beautiful things to exhibit.

Imagine the scene. A little hollow in the prairie, forming a perfect amphitheater; the yellow grass and wild oats grazed short; a herd of horses starting from the slope, myself standing in the middle, like the ring-master in a circus, and this wonderful horse performing at his own free will. He trotted powerfully, he galloped gracefully, he thundered at full speed, he lifted his fore-legs to welcome me, he flung out his hind-legs to repel me, he leaped as if he were springing over bayonets, he pranced and curvetted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl; finally, when he had amused himself and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

A horse knows a friend by instinct. So does a man. But a man, vain creature! is willing to repel instinct and trust intellect, and so suffers from the attempt to revise his first impressions, which, if he is healthy, are infallible.

The black, instinctively knowing me for a friend, came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome—a neigh and no more. Then, feeling a disappointment that his compliment could not be more melodiously or gracefully turned, he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me every mark of confidence. We were growing fast friends when I heard a sound of coming hoofs. The black tore away with a snort, and galloped off with the herd after him. A Mexican vaquero dashed down the slope in pursuit. I hailed him.

"A quien es ese caballo—el negro?" "Aquel diablo! es del Senor Gerrian." And he sped on.

I knew Gerrian. He was a Pike of the better class. He had found his way early to California, bought a mission farm, and established himself as a ranchero. His herds, droves and flocks darkened the hills. The name reminded me of giant Geryon of old. Were I an unscrupulous Hercules, free to pillage and name it protection, I would certainly drive off Gerrian's herds for the sake of that black horse. So I thought as I watched them gallop away.

It chanced that, when I was making my arrangements for starting home, business took me within a mile of Gerrian's ranch. I remembered my interview with the black. It occurred to me that I would ride down and ask the ranchero to sell me his horse for my journey.

I found Gerrian, a lank, wire-drawn man, burnt almost Mexican color, lounging in the shade of his adobe house. I told him my business in a word.

"No good, stranger," said he.

"Why not? Do you want to keep the horse?"

"No, not partickler. That ain't a better stallion nor him this side the South Pass; but I can't do nothing with him no more'n yer can with a steamboat when the cap'n says, 'Beat or bust!' He's a black devil, ef that ever was a devil into a horse's hide. Somebody's tried to break him down when he was a colt, an' now he won't stan' nobody goan near him."

"Sell him to me and I'll try him with kindness."

"No, stranger. I've tuk a middlin' shine to you from the way you got off that Chinaman them Pikes was goan to hang fur stealing the mule what he hadn't stole. I've tuk a middlin' kind er shine to you, and I don't want ter see yer neck broke, long er me. That thar black'll shut yer'll never look up to ther top of a red-wood again. Allowin' you haint got an old ox-yoke into yer fur back-

bone, yer'll keep off that thar black kettypid, till the Injins tie yer on, and motion yer to let him slide or be shot."

"My backbone is pretty stiff," said I; "I will risk my neck."

"The Greasers is some on horses, you'll give in, I reckon. Well, thar ain't a Greaser on my ranch that'll put leg over that thar streak er four-legged lightning; no, not if yer'd chain off for him a claim six squar leagues in the raal old Garden of Paradise, an' stock it with ther best gang er bullocks this side er Santer Fee."

"But I'm not a Mexican; I'm the stiffest kind of Yankee. I don't give in to horse or man. Besides, if he throws me and breaks my neck I get my claim in Paradise at once."

"Well, stranger, you've drawed yer head on that thar black, as anybody can see. An' ef a man's drawed his head, thar ain't no use tellin' him to pint off."

"No. If you'll sell, I'll buy."

"Well, if you want go fur to ask me to throw in a coffin to boot, praps we ken scare up a trade. How much do you own in the Foolonner Mine?"

I have forgotten to speak of my mine by its title. A certain Pike named Pegrum, Colonel Pegrum, a pompous Pike from Pike county, Missouri, had once owned the mine. The Spaniards, finding the syllables Pegrum a harsh morsel, spoke of the colonel, as they might of any other stranger, as *don Fulano*—as we should say "John Smith." It grew to be a nickname, and finally Pegrum, taking his donship as a title of honor, had procured an act of the legislature dubbing him formally *Don Fulano Pegrum*. As such he is known, laughed at, become a public man and probably democratic governor of California. From him our quartz cavern had taken its name.

I told Gerrian that I owned one quarter of the *Don Fulano* mine.

"Then you're Jess one quarter richer'n ef you owned half, and Jess three quarters richer'n ef you owned the hull kit and boodle of it."

"You are right," said I. I knew it by bitter heart.

"Well, stranger, less see ef we can't banter fur a trade. I've got a boss that ken kill any man. That's so; ain't it?"

"You say so."

"You've got a mine that'll break any man, short pocket or long pocket. That's so; ain't it?"

"No doubt of that."

"Well now; my curvowlyow's got grit into him, and so's that thar pile er quartz er yourn got gold into it. But you can't git the slugs out er your mineral; and I can get the kicks a blasted sight thicker'n anything softer er my animal. Here's horse agin mine—which'er yer rether hev, allowin' 'twas toss up and win."

"Horse!" said I. "I don't know how bad he is, and I do know that the mine is worse than nothing to me."

"Lookerhere, stranger! You're goan home across lots. You want a horse. I'm goan to stop here. I'd jess as lves gamble off a hundred or two head o' bullocks on that Foolonner mine. You can't find any man round here to buy out your interest in that thar heap er stun an' the hole it cum out of. It'll cost you more'n the bul's wuth ef you go down to San Frisco and wait till some fool comes along what's got gold he wants to buy quartz with. Take time now. I'm goan to make yer a fair banter."

"Well, make it."

"I stump you to a clean swap. My boss agin your mine."

"Done," said I.

"I allowed you'd do it. This here is one er them swaps, when both sides gets stuck. I git the Foolonner mine, what I can't make go, and you'll be a fool on a crittur what'll go a heap more'n you'll want. Haw! haw!"

And Gerrian laughed a Pike's laugh at his pun. It was a laugh that had been stunted in its childhood by the fever and ague, and so had grown up husk without heart.

"Have the black caught," said I, "and we'll clinch the bargain at once."

There was a Mexican vaquero slouching about. Gerrian called to him.

"O Hozay! kesty Sinyaw cumprader curvowlyow nigereto. Wamos adde-lanty! Corral curvowlyow toothoso!"

Pike Spanish that! If the Mexicans choose to understand it, why should Pikes study Castilian?

The bukkarer, as Gerrian's Spanish entitled Hozay, comprehended enough of the order to know that he was to drive up the horses. He gave me a Mexican's sulky stare, muttered a *caramba* at my rashness, and lounged off, first taking a lasso from its peg in the court.

"Come in, stranger," said Gerrian, "before we start, and take a drink of some of this here Mission Dolores wine."

"How does that go down?" said he, pouring out golden juices into a cracked tumbler.

It was the very essence of California sunshine—sherry with a richness that no sherry ever had—a somewhat fiery beverage, but without any harshness or crudity. Age would better it, as age betters the work of a young genius; but still there is something in the youth we would not willingly resign.

"Very fine," said I; "it is romantic old Spain, with ardent young America interfused."

(To be continued.)

The railroad damage industry is thriving in Texas. The state railroad commission announces that for the fiscal year ending June 30 last, the railway companies paid out \$1,008,627 for damages to persons in the way of personal injuries against \$653,739 paid out the year before.

PATIENCE A VIRTUE.

Dr. Talmage Says We Are All Slightly in Need of It.

We Should Exercise It in the Affairs of Daily Life—Turns Discard Into Harmony—Final Reward of Patience.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full-length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful. Text, Hebrews 10:36: "Ye have need of patience."

Yes, we are in awful need of it. Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all bloom in hundreds of souls where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a co-worker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean cyclone, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theater and those on the rocks of Mars hill, left him emaciated and invalid and with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves a-jangle. He gives us a snapshot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermonic delivery by saying: "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to the ardent friendship of the Galatians he says: "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

We admire most that which we have least. Those of us with unimpressive visage most admire beauty; those of us with discordant voices most extol musical cadence; those of us with stammering speech most wonder at eloquence; those of us who get provoked at trifles and are naturally irascible appreciate in others the equisopie and the calm endurance of patience. So Paul, with hands tremulous with the agitations of a lifetime, writes of the "God of patience," and of "ministers of hope," and tells them to "follow after patience," and wants them to "run with patience," and speaks of those "strengthened with all might to all patience," and looks us all full in the face as he makes the startling charge: "Ye have need of patience."

Do not boast that you are placid and optimistic and free from the spirit of acid. If those who are unfortunate could change lots with you they would be just as sunshiny. It is not religion that makes you so happy, but capacity to digest your food in three hours and enough coupons cut off to meet all your expenses, and complimentary mention, and capacity to leave your horses in a stable because you need a brisk walk down the avenue. The recording angel making a pen out of some plume of a bird of paradise is not getting ready to write opposite your name anything complimentary. All your sublime equilibrium of temperament is the result of worldly success. But suppose things mightily change with you, as they sometimes do change. You begin to go downhill, and it is amazing how many there are to help you down when you begin to go in that direction. A great investment fails. The Colorado silver mine ceases to yield. You get land poor. Your mills, that yielded marvels of wealth, are eclipsed by mills with newly-invented machinery. You get under the feet of the bears of Wall street. For the first time in your life you need to borrow money, and no one is willing to lend. Under the harrowing worryment you get a distressful feeling at the base of your brain. Insomnia and nervous dyspepsia lay hold of you. Your health goes down with your fortune. Your circle of acquaintances narrows, and where once you were oppressed by the fact that you had not time enough to return one-half of the social calls made upon you, now the card basket in your hallway is empty, and your chief callers are your creditors and the family physician, who comes to learn the effect of the last prescription.

Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached that stage yourself. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a reinforcement that you can have if you will accept it. Yonder comes up the road or the sidewalk a messenger of God. Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that once were populous with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietness in her manner and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from Heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

Many of the nations of the earth have put their admiration of this virtue into proverb or epigram. One of those eastern proverbs says: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." A Spanish proverb says: "If I have lost the rings, here

are the fingers still." The Italian proverb says: "The world is his who has patience." The English proverb declares: "When one door shuts, another opens." All these proverbs only put in another way Paul's terse words when he says: "Ye have need of patience."

First, patience with the faults of others. No one keeps the Ten Commandments equally well. One's temperament decides which commandments he shall come nearest to keeping. If we break some of the commandments ourselves, why be so hard on those who break others of the ten? If you and I run against one verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, why should we so severely exorcise those who run against another verse of the same chapter? Until we are perfect ourselves we ought to be lenient with our neighbor's imperfections. Yet it is often the case that the man most vulnerable is the most hypercritical. Perhaps he is profane, and yet has no tolerance for theft, when profanity is worse than theft, for while the latter is robbery of a man, the former is robbery of God. Perhaps he is given to defamation and detraction, and yet feels himself better than some one who is guilty of manslaughter, not realizing that the assassination of character is the worst kind of assassination. The laver for washing in the ancient tabernacle was at its side burnished like a looking glass, so that those that approached that laver might see their need of washing, and if by the Gospel looking glass we discovered our own need of moral cleansing we would be more economic of denunciation.

Again, this grace is needed to help in time of physical ailments. What vast multitudes are in perpetual pain while others are subject to occasional paroxysms! Almost everyone has some disorder to which he is occasionally subjected. It is rheumatism or neuralgia or sick headache or indigestion. A draft from an open window or hasty mastication or overwork brings on that old spell, and you think you would rather have almost anything else, but that is because you have not tried the other. Almost everyone has something which he wishes he had not. There are scores of diseases ever ready to attack the human frame. They have been in pursuit of our race ever since Adam and Eve resigned their innocence as well as the world's health. It is amazing how persistent and methodic those disorders are in their attack on the world and how regular is the harvest which with the sharp scythe of pain they mow down for the grave. No such disciplined and courageous army ever marched as the army of physical suffering. They do their work in the order I name, and you may depend upon their keeping on in that same order for a good while yet; first of all tuberculosis, next organic heart disease, next pneumonia, next in number of its victims is apoplexy, next Bright's disease, next cancer, next typhoid fever, next paralysis. Those eight diseases are the worst despoilers of human life. The doctors with solutions and lancets and anodynes and cataplasms are in a brave fight against the physiological devils that try to possess the human race. But after all the scientists can do there is a demand for patience. Nothing can take the place of that. It is needed this moment in every sick room and along the streets and in business places and shops where breadwinners are compelled to toil when physically incompetent to move a pen or calculate a column of figures or control a shovel. But every pastor could show you instances of complete happiness under physical suffering. He could take you to that garret or to that hospital or to some room in his parish where sits in rocking chair or lies upon a pillow some one who has not seen a well day in ten years and yet has never been heard to utter a word of complaint. The grace of God has triumphed in her soul as it never triumphs in the soul of one who is vigorous and athletic.

That grace helped the soldier during the American civil war. His arm had been amputated, and he said to a delegate of the Christian commission: "It seems to me I cannot be grateful enough for losing my arm. It made me thoughtful and opened the way for your delegates to visit me." This grace was well demonstrated by a prominent Christian man who was laid aside by a severe illness during a revival when his services were most needed, and when some one deplored this he said, cheerfully: "My part is to lie here and cough." My friend, do not give up useful activities because you are in pain. Some of the world's best work has been done while in physical distress. Walter Scott was in agony of pain while writing "Ivanhoe." Oh, beautiful grace of patience! It takes discords and turns them into harmony. It smooths the chopped sea. It kindles gloom into glow. It turns requiem into grand march. It trusts when it cannot understand. It forgives before forgiveness is asked. Gracious God! Give it to us, give it to us now, give it to us in abundance.

Now, let us this hour turn over a new leaf and banish worryment and care out of all our lives. Just see how these perversities have multiplied your disposition and torn your nerves. You are ten years older than you ought to be. Do two things, one for the betterment of your spiritual condition and the other for the safety of your worldly interests. First, get your heart right with God by being pardoned through the atonement of Jesus Christ. That will give security for your soul's welfare. Then get your life insured in some well-established life insurance company. That will take from you all anxiety about the welfare of your household in case of your sudden demise. The salutary

influence of such insurance is not sufficiently understood.

Many a bread winner long since deceased, would now have been alive and well but for the reason that when he was prostrated he saw that in case of his decease his family would go to the poorhouse or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well. That anxiety defied all that the best physicians could do. Supposing these two duties attended to, the one for the safety of your soul in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. If possible, have your family sitting-room where you can let in the sunlight. Have a musical instrument if you can afford it, harp or piano or bass viol or parlor organ. Learn how to play it yourself or have your children learn how to play on it. Let bright colors dominate in your room. If there are pictures on the wall, let them not be suggestive of battlefields which are always cruel, or deathbeds which are always sad, or partings which are always heartbreaking. There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tones of long meter. Far better to have your patience augmented by the consideration that the misfortunes of this life must soon terminate. Hardly anyone lives to 100 years, but few live to 80, while the majority quit this life before 50. You ought to be able, God helping you, to stand it as long as that, for then by the grace of God you will move into an improved residence and be compassed by all benign and excellent surroundings, into an atmosphere every breath of which is balmy, and a region where every sound is music and every emotion rapture. A land without one tear, without one parting, without one grief.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices: "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A ridge of hills sweeps round the city. A river semicircles it with brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp. Down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palaces which surrounded without one shot of resistance, because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for, oh, how short his stay. Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snowstorms under which 95,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition. To-day, while I speak, we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but to-day we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King and the home of those who are to reign with Him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the 12 gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to the city.

At what hour we shall enter we have no power to foretell, but once enlisted amid the blood-washed host our entrance is certain. It may be in the bright noonday or the dark midnight. It may be when the air is laden with springtime fragrance or chilled with falling snows. But enter we must, and enter we will through the grace offered us as the chief of sinners. Higher hills than any I have spoken of will guard that city. More radiant waters than I saw in the Russian valley will pour through that great metropolis. No raging conflagration shall drive us forth, for the only fires kindled in that city will be the fires of splendor that shall ever hoist and never die. Reaching that shining gate, there will be a parting, but no tears at the parting. There will be an eternal farewell, but no sadness in the utterance. Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No place for her in Heaven, for she needs no Heaven. While love and joy and other graces enter Heaven, she will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long suffering Patience, will at that gate say: "Good-by! I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need me no more. I bound up your wounds, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavements, but you pass now into the reunions of Heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry. Good-by! I go back into the world from which you came up, to resume my tour among hospitals, and sickrooms, and bereft households, and almshouses. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go to assuage and comfort and sustain, until the world itself expires, and on all its mountains, and in all its valleys, and on all its plains, there is not one soul left that has need of patience."

Get a View Outside.

Perhaps the greatest reason for coming to Berea is the opportunity that you get to see and learn good things which you could never learn in a small school nearer home.

A mountain valley is a good place to be born in. Some of our teachers at Berea were born in log cabins. And a mountain home is a good place to live in. But nobody ought to settle down and live in the county where he was born without first seeing something of the great world outside.

God never showed all the good things to the people of one valley. People make progress by viewing many places and gathering wisdom from many men.

But there are trials and temptations in going away from home. It is hard to go among people who are different from our home folks and may laugh at us. And in a great city we may be robbed or led into temptation. Travel, too, is expensive.

The best way to get an idea of the great world is to go to Berea, where you meet the best young people from twenty different states, where everyone is friendly, and where there are no temptations—except what you bring with you.

The new ideas and improvement in manners that one gets by living in Berea are worth as much as what is learned in a school-room.

When a student goes home from Berea he can generally get a first class certificate, and has besides a great bundle of new ideas about farming, business, and a hundred other things—ideas that will add to his wealth and happiness all his life.

Some folks are afraid the young will come to know more than they do, so try to persuade them to stay away from Berea. Even preachers, who do not know the needs of the present time, do this.

Do not be deceived. You are going to school on purpose to see and learn the things you cannot see and learn at home. You cannot afford to waste your time or money. If there is a school in walking distance of your home, go there and learn all the school can teach. But when you have learned that much, you must go away from home and pay your board somewhere else. When you thus start away you want to go far enough to reach the best school. If you really believe in yourself and think you are worthy of an education, you will not be satisfied with any school but the best.

How to Pick the Best School.

Many people make mistakes because they do not know how to pick out the right school to attend. There is as much difference in the "points" of schools as of horses.

1. In many schools the student goes home every week, and his mind is taken away from his studies. At Berea everything is so arranged as to be most favorable to study. Of course students make more rapid progress here.

2. In most places where there are schools there are saloons, and countless temptations. At Berea there are no temptations except those that a student brings with him. Of course Berea students are safer and show greater improvement in character.

3. In many schools the lessons are only 20 minutes long. At Berea they are 45 and 55 minutes long, and naturally the students get better instruction and more drill.

4. In many schools three or four teachers try to carry on all of the grades and branches. At Berea there is a special teacher for each lower grade (sometimes two or three,) and a special teacher for each department of advanced study. In this way the instruction is certain to be vastly better.

5. In many schools the only things to teach from are the books and a few maps. At Berea there are thousands of dollars worth of expensive apparatus. Are not good tools as profitable and necessary in education as anywhere else?

6. In many schools there is nothing to read except the text-books. Berea has eighteen thousand books, and six literary societies; a band, glee clubs, etc., which help the young people to find amusement and recreation that will be profitable.

7. Most schools are conducted to make money, and often the teachers take little interest in the students. At Berea every teacher is a Christian man or woman, and will be a real friend.

Thousands of men and women suffer from piles, especially women with female weakness have this suffering to contend with in addition to their other pains. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will quickly effect a cure. Price 50 cents in bottles, tubes 75 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

"Apprentice Courses."

Some young men and young women come to Berea with very little money, and with no friends who can or will help them. Such students can, of course, stay only a short time.

The thing for them is to become able to earn money as quickly as possible. For this purpose we offer them the Apprentice Courses, in which students give half their time to learning a trade which will help them in earning money, and the other half in such studies as are most necessary, like arithmetic and the history of our country.

For young men the apprentice course is Carpentry—use of tools, framing of buildings, etc. There is always work for a good carpenter.

For the young women the apprentice courses are two; one in Nursing—care of the sick, food for the sick, etc. Trained nurses earn a dollar a day, and frequently more.

The other is in House-work—cooking, sewing, care of house, etc. Girls who can hardly earn a dollar a week when they come to us soon become able to earn two dollars a week, and even more, and at the same time they are getting ready for their own home duties whenever the time may come.

Every family within five hundred miles of Berea ought to have at least one child in some department of this great school.

New Course in Applied Science.

This course occupies only two years, and is the best course for most young people. It contains the most practical sciences, and the history and other studies that make good citizens.

For the young men in this course there are studies in the use of tools; Botany, which means the growth of plants; Gardening, Care of Stock, Farm Management, and other things that make successful farmers.

For the young women there are courses in Sewing, Dress-making, Gardening, Cooking, Care of the Sick, and other things that make a good house-keeper.

Necessary Expenses for 12 Weeks School.

Persons who board themselves can spend as much or little as they choose on living expenses. It pays to have a little extra money for lectures, books, and other things. But the necessary expenses are only as follows:

	HOWARD HALL	LADIES' HALL
School (Incidental Fee)	\$4.50	\$4.50
Ex- Hospital Fee	25	25
penses (Books, etc., about)	2.00	2.00
Key Deposit	1.00	1.00
Room (stove, table, etc.)	2.00	2.50
Fuel and Oil	2.50	3.00
Rent of Laundry	5.00	5.00
First Month's Board	5.00	5.00
Living Expenses	17.25	18.75
To pay during the term:		
Laundry	1.50	5.00
Beginning 2d Mo., Board 5.00		5.00
Beginning 3d Mo., Board 5.00		5.00
Total Expense, 12 Weeks	27.75	27.75

For those below A Grammar deduct the \$2 for books, and \$1 from incidental fee, making the total only \$24.75.

When four girls room together each saves \$1 on room, and \$2 or more on fuel, making the total only \$21.75.

Fuel is 50 cents more in Winter, and 50 cents less in Spring term.

Two rooms for housekeeping, with stove, etc., can usually be rented for from \$4 to \$6 a term.

The price of a big calf, a little tan-bark, or a few home-spun bed-covers, will give a term of school which will change one's whole life for the better!

Correspondence.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. Misses Rena and Willie Pollock spent Thanksgiving in Paris.—The rally at the Christian Church raised \$142.—Charley Turner and Mrs. Dora Green are visiting in Cincinnati.—Mrs. Lucinda Latham of Carlisle spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Chas. Suttuth.—Mrs. Thos. Hall and little daughter are visiting her mother Mrs. Maria Green.

Mason County.

Maysville. Miss Lucille Dinwiddie spent Thanksgiving in Danville, Ky. with her parents.—Dr. Harry P. Taylor left Monday for Knoxville, Tenn. where he will resume his studies in medicine.—Charles Jordon, driver of the mail wagon between the post-office and C. O. depot, died Saturday, of heart failure.—Prof. T. A. Reid spent Thanksgiving in Versailles Ky.—The Epworth League held a grand session Sunday afternoon in the interest of the juveniles.—The primary department of the Fifth St. High School will give the closing exercises Christmas.

Infant mortality is something frightful. Nearly one-quarter die before they reach one year, one third before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen! The timely use of White's Cream Vermifuge would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25c. S. E. Welch Jr.

Madison County.

Wallaceton. Oscar Hiatt has returned from Illinois.—Mert Cook is here from Illinois to spend Christmas with relatives.—Miss Lillie McWhorter is visiting her uncle, C. C. McWhorter.—Miss Mary Caldwell has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jack Wilson, of Cowbell Hollow.—W. P. Caldwell closed his school last Friday.—Miss Julia Green is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gabbard, this week.—The dwelling house of Wm. Hiatt is being remodeled.—S. P. Taylor, now of Illinois, is here visiting friends and relatives.—The young people are preparing to have a Christmas tree at the Baptist church.—Miss Stella Duncan closed the Wallaceton school with an exhibition Friday night.—Jack Wilson sold his place and store to Mr. Bodkins for \$500, and has moved to Cowbell Hollow.

Clay County.

Ogle. M. H. Frederick closed his school to-day.—Wm. Swafford has a full line of Christmas goods.—Ed. Frederick has a severe case of jaundice.—Lydia Davidson is ill with jaundice.—Born to John Bright and wife, a fine boy.—Mr. Alex Means and Miss Zillan Hubbard will be married next week.—This correspondent would be glad to hear from the correspondent at Grace.—Oscar, the oldest son of Wm. Swafford, died of flux.

Grace. David Roe who was reported last week as sick, has died.—J. A. Murray has pneumonia.—Rev. Mr. Parsons was prevented filling his appointment here by the sickness of his daughter.—Mrs. Alice Phillips' children are suffering with tonsillitis.—We have had very high waters and much corn has been destroyed.—Jas. Potter is a candidate for County Judge.—Mrs. Rachel Roe moves to Laurel County this week.

Owsley County.

Booneville. E. T. Reynolds, who has been sick, is about again.—Leonard Reynolds has just arrived from Ohio. He was married to Miss Martha McIntosh a few days ago.—William Wilson and wife, of Cow Creek, are making a short visit at this place.—A. C. Gabbard is not very well.—W. T. Herndon's school closed Friday.—A number of young people from this county are planning to attend school at Berea this Winter.

Gabbard. Rev. L. C. Roberts returned from Tallega Thursday. He bought a stock of Christmas goods for H. H. Rice.—Merideth Gabbard visited relatives on Cow Creek Saturday and Sunday. His school closed last week, and he will attend school at Berea this winter.—Cordell Roberts made a trip to Tallega for goods for William Bailey.—Jas. Hoskins, of Jackson county, was here this week buying eggs.—Ballard Huff is making railroad ties in Leslie county.—Everybody here reads and appreciates the CITIZEN. Be sure to subscribe for it.—W. W. Eversole, of Cow Creek, is building a fine residence.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom. The school at Kirby Knob closed Dec. 4. Mr. J. W. Cope who has been our teacher three successive years leaves for Berea. We will miss him in our Sunday School which he has superintended for some months. The organization of our Sunday School was due to Mr. Cope's influence.—Rev. Toley of Madison County expects to begin a series of meetings at White Springs on Saturday.—There was a large attendance at Kirby Knob school house for the supper Friday night.—Edward Anderson of Tyner, sold \$68 worth of homespun wools to Berea College this week.

Evergreen. Miss Kate S. Lake the regular correspondent for the CITIZEN has been seriously ill.—Dinkie Lake is visiting her sister Mrs. O. M. Payne this week.—Grant and Ruff Abrams are cutting shingles on land belonging to John W. Lake.—Green Lake and Tom Jones are making staves for John W. Lake.—Bennet Ballard who has been sick is recovering.—Miss Minnie Lake has closed her school and is expected home Sunday.—Bradley Lake is suffering with the cold that is so prevalent here.

Any one having jeans or white linsey-woolsey to sell, please send samples to Mrs. Hattie W. Graham, Ladies' Hall, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

Constipation means the accumulation of waste matter that should be discharged daily, and unless this is done the foul matter is absorbed and poisons the system. Use Herbine to bring about regularity of the bowels. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

THE FARM.



Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Some Points in Pike Making.

After determining the location and gradients of a pike, the details of construction are matters next in importance, and a few principles should be kept in mind.

Good drainage for the road bed is the foundation principle of all road construction. Details for obtaining this would take too much space in this article but drainage should be made sure of before proceeding farther.

The selection of metal should be the next consideration, and if the idea can be kept in mind that the best is the cheapest in the end, much loss of time and expense may be saved.

Just about Berea the choice is gray limestone, "hard metal" and the black shale generally called "slate." That the limestone will wear far the best is beyond question, but it is more expensive to quarry and break and usually has to be hauled farther, so the slate has been given the preference. It is like buying a cheap suit of clothes. If a fellow has a few dollars he can buy a suit that will be warm and look respectable for a while but will quickly become shabby and is gone. A few more dollars would have secured him a suit of clothes that would have given three times the service. If the first was all he could buy it was better than being ragged or naked. The second would have saved him money in the end.

In making any metal road a coarse foundation should be put down, broken so that the pieces will bed, or lie solid, however, and upon this a layer should be placed of stone not larger than two or three inches in diameter and well rolled into place; but without heavy steam rollers. We must dispense with this rolling and add a layer of still smaller stone with some fine material for "binding" or setting the whole together. Now to insure a good pike the surface should be brought to an even grade and a curve from side to side of at least a half inch to the foot given and the whole rolled solidly together. These are the two great points, keeping a curved surface, or good even crown and rolling it all till it beds together and becomes one solid piece of stone. Just here our local pike making is most apt to fail and yet these are the points that a skilled road engineer will put most stress upon. All rocks will slowly disintegrate and go to soil, even the hardest and toughest, though these very slowly; but where ruts are formed to hold water and the grinding action of the loaded wagons makes a "mill," the best of road metal yields very rapidly and this black slate simply becomes mud in a few days, as may be seen anywhere along these new pikes where a crown of well-bedded material has not been secured before these fall rains began. The creek gravel, if well selected, contains so large a per cent of quartz pebbles as to make a fairly good wearing material when well bedded with slate, but the greatest care should be taken to secure the right crown and keep it till the whole becomes solid. Frequent repairing of the smallest ruts where the water may stand is the only way to keep up a pike and the cheapest in the end.

The county could make no better investment than to purchase two or three steam road rollers, but if it is not thought that this can be afforded there should be at least one heavy iron horse roller to a precinct.

To Whom it may Concern: This is to certify that we have investigated Messrs. Chas. L. Pettis & Co., Buyers of country produce, 404 Duane Street, New York, and find them to be worthy of all credit and financially able to fulfill any contract that they might make, and cheerfully recommend them to all dealers in produce, as a sound financial house to sell to.

Yours truly,
DANIELS & COMPANY, Bankers.
6 Wall St. & 96 Broadway,
Sept. 28, 1900. New York.
9-27-01.

For burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, or injuries of any description, Ballard's Snow Liniment is a sovereign remedy. It never fails to do good, and so promptly that its wonderful curative properties frequently surprise. Price 25 and 50 cents S. E. Welch Jr.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house \$500 a year salary. Honestly more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self addressed, stamped envelope. Merchants, Third Floor, 321 Dearborn St. Chicago

THE SCHOOL.



Edited by J. W. Dinwiddie, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

School Houses and Grounds.

In many school districts there are excellent opportunities for improvement in the appearance of the house and grounds. Pupils and teachers spend half their waking hours in the school house and on the grounds and they should cooperate in making their surroundings as attractive as possible. As a matter of economy, as well as for the looks, the buildings should have a new coat of paint every two or three years. The paint preserves the wood, adds to the appearance and indicates thrift and interest on the part of those to whom the property is entrusted. The windows should have curtains of a shade that will not injure the eyes, and the stove will look better with a coat of polish occasionally, the cost of which is not worth mentioning. The boys and girls should be taught that the property is theirs, was built and provided for by them, that all the money that is spent for equipment and teaching is for their benefit and it is their privilege and duty to keep it in good order and to see that no one mars or defaces desks or walls.

The grounds can be made beautiful by planting trees. Small pines, spruce, cedar, maple, elm and oak trees can be found in abundance and had for the asking. The teacher who will enlist the children in setting out and caring for trees will have something to be proud of the remainder of his life. Appoint an arbor day at the right time of year, whether school is in session or not, engage the services of as many as possible and make a holiday of it. The trees may be divided up among the children who plant them, and given names. Recitations and readings concerning trees will help to make sentiment in their favor and a timely word now and then will prevent any depredations.

Any one who has visited a college of any importance anywhere has observed that the grounds are abundantly supplied with trees. They are a part of the institution and would not be parted with for love or money. But a vast army of boys and girls attend the public schools who never have college privileges. These should be taught to appreciate and care for trees as much as the few who are permitted to attend college. The splendid forests which nature has so bountifully bestowed and which are being practically given away to lumber companies, might be saved from total destruction if the coming generation were taught to appreciate their value. We shall speak of pictures and other matters at another time.

In these days every school room can be decorated with choice pictures at a very small cost. The Perry Pictures Company of Malden, Mass. furnish excellent copies of the finest paintings in the world at a cent apiece. The educational value of a dollar's worth of these pictures would be great and would add much to the interest of the school. In many neighborhoods good framed pictures may be borrowed, kept on the walls a month or two and then returned and others put in their places. Suggestions from teachers along these and other lines will be welcomed by this department.

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the day time, irritability of temper, sleepless nights' general debility, headache and general want of tone of the system, use Herbine. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

If you have sore throat, soreness across the back or side, or your lungs feel sore or tender, or you are threatened with diphtheria or pneumonia, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally, and use Cousin's Honey of Tar. S. E. Welch Jr.

THE HOME.

(Edited pro tem by the Manager.)

Lifting Your Family.

About twelve years ago two boys were making their way along a mountain road on foot. The road was not a pike, and it had been made soft and slippery by a recent rain. The boys were burdened by a heavy carpet bag and a large bundle, which contained about all their worldly possessions.

As they plodded on they met a man on horseback. He was a kindly-faced man, and he stopped as he came up to the young men.

"Where are you all a-going?" he asked.

"Oh, we're a-going on here a piece," the elder boy replied.

"Well, by the looks I allow you're a-going to Berea to the College."

"Yes sir, that's where we aim to go. Are we on the right road?"

"Yes, you are on the right road. Keep on and you'll get to Berea. And you are a-doing just the right thing in going there too. I've seen the workings of that school, and what it does for chaps like you. You go to school at Berea a spell and it will lift you out of this mud."

It did lift them out of the mud. They had a hard struggle. They sawed wood for forty cents a cord. They boarded themselves. They stood a heap of ridicule from friends and neighbors at home who ought to have helped them. But to-day one of those young men is a county superintendent, and the other is a rich farmer and store keeper. And their children will do better than they did. They and their families are lifted out of the mud.

Now you and your family will never get hold of the blessings of education unless you begin. You must take a little of the money that is lying idle and send your brightest boy or girl to Berea this winter.

Many of our brightest young people have already learned all they can learn in the free schools and are just wasting their time there.

Don't say you can't afford it. You can't afford not to educate your family.

This is the way they do it in Vermont. A poor mountain farmer there will work night and day, and get one child educated so far that she can teach school, and then she will help the other children.

This is the way they do it in Scotland. The whole family will work and save and get one boy off to college, and he will come home on his vacations and teach the other children.

This is the way they do it in Switzerland. The older boys and girls go down into the low lands and work out, and send the money home so that the younger ones can be educated.

And there are coming to be a great many of our American Highlanders who are as smart, and as anxious to lift their families, as the Scotch and the Swiss Highlanders are.

The price of a few hogs, a few loads of tanbark, a few extra cattle, will get your child well started for an education.

If you have a girl who likes music, remember that she can have instruction in singing without any extra cost, and that for a few dollars extra she can learn to play on the cabinet organ, and be ready to earn money the year round by teaching music to the neighbor girls.

Berea girls who have taken only a part of the course in Domestic Science are earning as much as four dollars a week in good families in Cincinnati and Chicago.

And remember that any mother can send her daughter to Berea and pay her way with homespun cloth, and bed-covers. There is an advertisement in this paper which tells you that Berea College will pay as much as six dollars for a good, faded dyed well woven bed cover.

Don't lose any time. The Winter term begins on the morning of Wednesday, December 12th.

BEREA COLLEGE Founded 1855

...Places the Best Education in Reach of All...

Over 25 Teachers, 700 Students (from 20 States). Best College Library in Kentucky. NO SALOONS.

Trade Schools—Carpentry, Printing, Housework, Nursing, two years. Model Schools—General Education, and fitting for advanced courses.

For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate: Applied Science—Two years course, with Agriculture for young men, and Domestic Science for young ladies.

Normal Course—Two years, with practice teaching.

Academy Course—Four years, fitting for College, for business, and

College Course—Literary, Philosophical, Classical. [for life.]

Musical—Reed Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24.00, about \$14 to be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President, GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

BEREA, : : : KENTUCKY

THE NORTHAMPTON CASE.

Multimillionaire Robert J. Clapp
Confesses to the \$2,000,000
Bank Robbery of 1876.

Northampton, Mass., Dec. 1.—The whole mystery of the famous \$2,000,000 Northampton bank robbery of 1876 has just been cleared up. Robert J. Clapp, worth \$5,000,000, gained in honest pursuits, has confessed that as a youth he helped James Dunlap, Bob Scott, "Red" Leary and "Shang" Draper, a clever gang of safe crackers, to put through the gigantic scheme which was at once the talk of the world. Clapp's life has been full of romance. He has run gamut from a scapegrace and tramp to a comfortable millionaire. His wife was an Indian squaw, but she died shortly after their marriage. It was she who revealed to him the secret of the Pelly river, Alaska, brought to him the knowledge that has given him his gold. Dunlap and Scott, with Leary and Draper, planned the great Northampton bank robbery and got away with nearly \$2,000,000. Leary and Draper restored their share and got off without a sentence. Dunlap and Scott were sent to state prison for 15 years each. Scott died in prison in 1882. Dunlap was pardoned in 1892 by Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts.

Till Thursday it was never known that Clapp was ever in the gang.

LIVE STOCK SHOW.

One of the Greatest Ever Held in
This Country Opened in Chicago
Saturday Morning.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—What promises to be one of the greatest live stock shows ever held in this country opened Saturday morning in the Dexter Park pavilion at the stock yards. Over 10,000 pedigreed animals have already been received and it is expected that this number will be increased considerably by Monday morning. The display of blooded stock will represent a cash value of over \$2,000,000. Six hundred classes are listed and prizes amounting to \$75,000 will be awarded. Hundreds of visitors have already arrived and the hotels are crowded with stockmen from all parts of the United States and Canada. The first of the judging will be done on Monday and although the show was open Saturday, the formal opening will be on Monday morning.

FERRY BOAT CAPSIZED.

Four Men Lost Their Lives in the
Spokane River—Five of the Passengers Swam to Shore.

Spokane, Wash., Dec. 1.—Four lives were lost here Friday night by the capsizing of a ferry boat in the Spokane river. The ferry is about two miles down the river. It was crossing the stream with 18 workmen who had ended their day's work in a construction camp near the Great Northern's new bridge. The men crowded to the bow, and it was forced under the swift current and the boat was swamped.

All the men were thrown into the water. Five swam to shore and the others climbed on the capsized boat. The waves ran high and washed four of them off to death.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SMALLPOX.

Over 300 Cases of a Mild Character
in Winona, Minn., Mostly in the Fourth Ward.

Winona, Minn., Dec. 1.—According to Secretary Bracken, of the state board of health, who was called to Winona Friday to investigate the epidemic that is gaining grounds in this city, gives out the statement that the disease is evidently smallpox of a mild character. It is said that there are over 300 cases, mostly in the Fourth ward, which is largely a Polish settlement. It was said Friday night that all the schools, churches and saloons in the Fourth ward will probably be closed and will remain closed until the board of health recommends their opening and a strict quarantine will be established in the infected district.

The Army Bill.

Washington, Dec. 1.—The house committee on military affairs began consideration of the army bill Friday having as basis the measure prepared in the war department. No definite conclusion was reached because the committee had not a quorum present, but it is understood that the sentiment is strongly in favor of the maximum number of men asked for in the war department.

Kearney's Second Big Fire.

Kearney, Neb., Dec. 1.—Kearney suffered its second disaster this week by the burning of its gas plant Friday night. If the Standard oil tanks should now be destroyed, the citizens would have to resort to tallow candles. Tuesday the canal pipe which supplied the electric light plant burst and the flood from the lake wrecked the lighting plant, causing a loss of \$50,000.

Will Hang December 21.

Manila, Dec. 1.—Gen. MacArthur has confirmed the sentence of hanging passed upon four natives recently convicted of murder at Lingayen. The condemned were members of the Guardia de Honor, a band of assassins whose victims were kidnapped and beheaded. They will hang December 21.

KITCHENER ADVANCED

He Has Been Appointed to Supreme
Command in South Africa

If the Government Withholds Reinforcements, He May Be Greatly
Handicapped in Pacifying
the Boer Country.

London, Dec. 1.—There was virtually no fresh news from South Africa Saturday morning; but the retirement of Lord Wolseley, the return of Lord Roberts and the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the supreme command, occurring as they do simultaneously, are keenly discussed. Despite some misgivings hearty approval is generally expressed of Lord Kitchener's appointment. It is felt that, if any one can clear up matters in South Africa, he is the man; and it is readily admitted that the task before him, though of a different kind, is almost as difficult as that which faced Lord Roberts ten months ago, and is calculated to give the fullest scope to all of Kitchener's talents as an organizer.

The Morning Post hints broadly that the recent demand of Lord Roberts for reinforcements has not been complied with and insists that Lord Kitchener's hands must not be tied by any lack of men and horses. It says: "If reinforcements are withheld or delayed, Lord Kitchener may be paralyzed with what consequences to the empire no one can foresee. From 30,000 to 50,000 men are required."

All the editorials dwell with considerable emotion on the nation's debt of gratitude to Lord Roberts, who has "successfully piloted us through one of the darkest hours of our history."

From Cape Town come indications of the uneasiness felt. All military posts throughout Cape Colony are being strengthened. Bloemfontein is now prepared for any possible attack. Extra scouts are out and guards watch the streets in the night. Mines have been laid along the railway. The garrisons on the Orange river drifts are being increased.

At the same time measures are being taken to assist in the restoration of order and prosperity. The Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Mail announces that "the British are distributing oats and seed potatoes among the surrendered Boer farmers at nominal prices without which the farms would go untill another year."

DEDICATED TO KRUGER.

Senator Fabre Presents the Ex-President With a Copy of His
"Life of Washington."

Paris, Dec. 1.—Senator Fabre called on Mr. Kruger during the day and presented him with a copy of his "Life of Washington" dedicated as follows:

"To the Grand Old Man, who, by his struggles and presidency recalls Washington, and to whom France has given the same enthusiastic welcome as offered to Franklin, regretting she has been unable up to the present, to cooperate in the foundation of the United States of South Africa as she cooperated in the foundation of the United States of America."

The Hobart Monument.

New York, Dec. 1.—The design of the monument of the late Vice President Hobart has been decided upon at Paterson, N. J. The successful competitor is Philip Martin. It shows Mr. Hobart standing with a gavel in his hand and leaning forward slightly as if listening to the speaker. It will be of bronze and be about nine feet in height. It will stand upon a pedestal in front of the city hall in Paterson.

The Antarctic Expedition.

London, Dec. 1.—At the meeting of the Royal society Friday evening it was announced that the projected National Antarctic expedition would start next autumn and that the construction of a vessel to be named Discovery had already been commenced at Dundee.

Dolliver's Successor.

Washington, Dec. 1.—It seems to be generally understood that Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, will be appointed to the vacancy on the ways and means committee caused by the resignation of Mr. Dolliver, in which case he probably will retire from the committee on insular affairs.

Identified Her Assassin.

Burlington, Ia., Dec. 1.—Mrs. Linter, of Cedar Rapids, whose husband was killed and who herself was fatally shot by a footpad Thursday night, is still living. Friday she recognized George Anderson, arrested at Paterson, Ia., Friday morning, as the man who assaulted her husband and herself.

Declines to Accept.

Grinnell, Ia., Dec. 1.—Prof. Frank K. Sanders, of the chair of biblical literature at Yale, who was elected early in the fall by the trustees of Iowa college to the presidency of the institution to succeed Dr. George A. Gates, has declined to accept.

Chief of Police of Manila.

St. Louis, Dec. 1.—Chief of Police John W. Campbell, of St. Louis, has been offered the position of chief of police of Manila, under the civil government now in course of formation, and the offer has been accepted.

EXPERIMENTS WITH OIL.

It Not Only Suppresses Dust on Country Roads, But Makes Them Far More Durable.

T. F. White talked not long ago to the Good Roads association of southern California about some experiments made by him at China. For the last two years a good deal has been done in his part of the country with oil on country roads, the prime object being (as on railroad beds) the suppression of dust. This was the only thing sought when China contracted for its first lot of oiled roads, some 25 or 30 miles in length. But it was soon discovered that oil might be made to build up a surface that would resist the wear of travel, and that is the great aim of the later practice there. Mr. White said that the roads were originally constructed by a contractor, who guaranteed "a dustless road" from May till December. During the first season the contractor sprinkled them three times. Subsequently, the town undertook to care for the roads itself, and it was then found that one application of oil would do more good than the contractor's three.

Oil sprinkled directly on a sandy or alluvial road will do little good, Mr. White says. It should be surfaced with a firmer material before the oil is applied. Sand, properly covered, makes a wonderfully firm bed. When Mr. White was put in charge of the roads of China, he found a section of sand half a mile long over which a clayey gravel had been hauled from a distance. The stuff had once been used for making bricks. Only a few inches of it had been spread over the sand. Yet it made a fine road for dry weather. When wet, holes would work through in a short time. But by oiling the road was greatly improved. The gravel employed is peculiar to southern California, but Mr. White is confident that any disintegrated granite, such as may be found in other states, would work equally well.

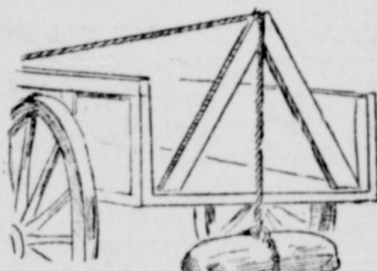
In making new roads, he first graded the foundation and then put on a layer of this gravel seven inches thick in the middle and six at the edges. Afterward he made it nine inches thick in the middle and eight on the sides. The foundation was rolled hard and kept wet just ahead of the gravel. The latter was also thoroughly soaked when spread. A heavy orchard cultivator was run through it, while the water was being poured on. Harrow and roller were used to shape the road up, and finally it was given a chance to dry.

When the road had dried out to a depth of fully two inches, it was carefully swept and the oil put on. The first application should be liberal. On a road 18 feet wide Mr. White puts from 100 to 150 barrels for each mile. Before the oil is applied, it is heated to a temperature of 200 degrees or over.

LABOR-SAVING HINT.

How to Make a Device by Which
Weights Are Lifted with Ease
Into Farm Carts.

Make an A piece with a slot at the top and brads at the bottoms. Knof the rope at the proper point, with the A bent well outward from the back of the



LOADING MADE EASY.

Pass the rope over the front and one man can with ease swing a heavy load into the cart. If the brads in the bottom of the A piece are long and stout, the triangle can be turned down in the rear of the cart to an angle of 30 degrees, or so. If the cart is high from the ground make legs of the A piece longer, to give more elevation to the lift.—N. Y. Tribune.

Many Plants Grow in Sand.

Experiments at the department of agriculture show that no sand is so poor and sterile that something will not grow upon it, and in many cases it has been of great benefit to plant sand-binding species of grass. Its effect has been not only to produce something, but to prevent blowing and drifting of the soil, which in some places works great havoc, almost equaling snow. The department has introduced a large number of foreign sand-binding species which are being tried in our various climates.—Farmers' Voice.

Money in Sweet Potatoes.

Sweet potatoes give fair profits when grown under careful supervision and excellent cultivation. William Colwell, of Hammondsport, N. J., using the ordinary Nansemond variety, grew many hills of sweet potatoes this season which contained from 10 to 12 pounds per hill. This would be about 800 bushels per acre, should such a field be uniform in yield. While the crop showed such excellence only in some of the hills, yet the yields show what is possible with the sweet potato with judicious cultivation.

Whale Oil Soap Recipe.

Whale oil soap may be purchased ready made. To make it, use 3 1/2 pounds of concentrated lye, 7 1/2 gallons water, one gallon fish oil. Dissolve the lye in the water. When boiling add the fish oil and continue at boiling heat for two hours. One-half pound to the gallon of water is recommended for plant lice, provided each separate individual is hit by the spray. Two pounds to the gallon may be put on tree trunks and limbs with a whitewash brush in winter, but fruit buds must not be touched.



HALF HOUR WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ORANG-OUTANG SALLY.

A Simian Pet Who Lives in More Comfort Than Most of Her Human Neighbors.

Residents of the eastern town of Bangalore are daily treated to the extraordinary spectacle of an enormous orang-outang being wheeled through the streets like a baby. The accompanying picture, from a photograph, shows the big brute, whose name is Sally, comfortably seated in her carriage of state, with a look of wooden contentment on her face.

Sally is about five feet in height and weighs about 160 pounds. She is a highly intelligent animal and has always shown the greatest affection for her dusky attendant, whom she allows occasionally to take her place in the wagon while she does the pushing. The orang-outang was reared from a baby by a government elephant catcher named Sanderson, and is one of the very few of the species that have proved tamable.

The orangs are usually ferocious brutes, possessing in their long arms



SALLY TAKING AN OUTING.

enormous strength, and the few captured have had to be kept in close confinement. Sally seems to have been born with a better temper than most of her kind, for so far she has shown none of the wicked traits that have distinguished other orang-outangs.

She is an educated animal and eats her meals with a knife and fork, sitting at the table with a napkin tied under her chin, looking to a near-sighted person for all the world like an ugly and very bursute old man with a large head and an intelligent habit of bending too far over his plate.—Philadelphia Press.

THE GUSHING GIRL.

Her Real Sincerities of Thought or Expression Are Rarely Ever Believed In.

"I'm glad," said a small boy, after witnessing his sister's leavetaking with a friend, "that I'm not a girl. They're all skirts, hairpins and gush."

Now, a girl sometimes condemns the skirts and hairpins, but does she ever condemn the gushing habit she and her schoolmates cultivate?

Does she understand that what they call enthusiasm other people label like the small boy—"gush."

It is so easy to drift into an extravagant way of talking. Adjectives and adverbs that hover on the tip of a girl's tongue are recklessly scattered about in her conversations until the charitable among her listeners call her a "gusher" and the harsher critics an "exaggerator."

Don't gush, girls. Lay off here and there the highly colored expression, the bit of slang, no matter how helpful it seems to be in piecing out your meaning, until you have weeded from your conversation little tricks of talking that make sensible people doubt your sincerity.

There's nothing sweeter in a girl than sincerity of thought, sincerity of purpose and sincerity of expression. Nobody will credit you with these as long as you indulge in the gushing habit.—N. Y. Herald.

Will Use "Got" Hereafter.

There is a long standing dispute whether "got" or "gotten" is the preferable participle, and the recent experience of a college professor may throw some light on the subject. He telegraphed to his wife: "I have gotten tickets for the opera to-night. Meet me there." The telegraph operator rendered this into "Have got ten tickets," etc. Mrs. Professor was delighted with the opportunity of entertaining her friends, and accordingly made up a party of eight beside herself, and they all met the professor in front of the opera house that evening. We may imagine the feelings of the unfortunate man, and no one knows how he explained matters, but we may be sure that he will not use "gotten" again in a telegram.

Dead Give-Away.

"What are you girls talking about?" "Nothing; are your ears burning?"—Yonkers Statesman.

SNAKES CATCH RATS.

Reptiles Are Made to Serve a Very Useful Purpose in Some of the Philippine Islands.

As the writer was sitting out under the broad piazza at the restaurant, taking coffee after dinner, his eyes happened to be turned upward. About ten feet above his head there was a broad beam, probably 18 inches square, the horizontal support of the second story. Directly above, looking down at the group below, was the head of an immense snake, ten feet away. The end of his tail was carelessly hanging over the beam's side.

The writer gave one jump, landing six feet away, exclaiming: "Good heavens, Partridge!" (our consul then at Manila, temporarily in charge of American matters at Iloilo).

"Where is it?" he asked, not moving from his comfortable American cane-seated rocker.

"Why, just over your head." "Sit down here," he said to me. "That snake came here when this house was put here. There are three or four others of his kind here besides. Without these snakes this low-lying town would be about uninhabitable. They keep the house absolutely clear and free from rats, mice, roaches, waterbugs, an occasional tarantula or scorpion. He seizes a stranger as quickly as would a detective. He knows you are one. But as you are with me it will be all right. He and I are acquainted."

And then Partridge called up something to him in Tagalog and in a few moments he moved away.

"Bite?" Oh, yes, and viciously, too, if fooled with. He can inflict serious wounds with his fine, sharp teeth. But he has no poison fangs."

Two or three evenings after that I witnessed how he operated. A great coal-black rat was coming along on a beam just below the one occupied by his snakeship. As he came opposite to me a big serpent's black and yellow spotted head shot out four or five feet away. He seized that rat as a cat would between his teeth. Next day as I passed this snake fast asleep in the hot sun I noticed a ratlike enlargement or expansion on his diaphragm. I knew where that rat was.—Hollo Letter in Washington Post.

TINY SHETLAND PONY.

Although Three Years Old, Yet It
Stands But Thirty-Two
Inches in Height.

Here is the smallest Shetland pony living. At first sight one would imagine the man on the left of the picture to be a giant in stature, but it is only "William," the park keeper of the public park at Lerwick, who is of medium height. His relatively huge proportions



THE SMALLEST SHETLAND PONY.

tions show how very small the pony really is. The carriage to which it is yoked is a child's mail cart, and it seems big enough for it. The little lady who holds the reins is Miss Rhoda Hunter, and the pony's name is also Rhoda. This small yet perfectly formed specimen of the pony breed belongs to Mr. Peter Anderson, Lerwick. It is three years old, yet stands but 32 inches in height. It is black in color and is in the same shaggy condition in which it came out of its native hills. Its owner has refused a big price for this rarity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Guessed the Answer.

A little girl, who had just entered school, jubilantly announced to her father that she had beaten all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and gone to the top. "That was clever of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?" "Well, you see, the teacher asked the girl at the head how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know, and said 12, and the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next one said 14. Such silly answers! Then the teacher asked me, and I said 13, and she told me to go to the top. 'Course it was 13.' 'That was nice,' said the father. 'I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?' 'Why, I guessed it. Nobody said 13.'"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series
for December 9, 1900.—Bar-
timaeus Healed.

[Prepared by H. C. Jenington.]
THE LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 10:46-52.)
46. And they came to Jericho; and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging.

47. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out and say: Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

48. And many charged him that he should hold his peace; but he cried the more a great deal: Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

49. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him: Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.

50. And he cast away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.

51. And Jesus answered and said unto him: What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him: Lord, that I might receive my sight.

52. And Jesus said unto him: Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Lord, that I might receive my sight.—Mark 10:51.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The connection with last Sunday's lesson includes the parable of the laborers in the vineyard (Matt. 20:1-16), a third prediction by Jesus of His death and resurrection (Mark 10:32-34), the request of Jesus and John that they might occupy high places when Jesus came into His glory (Mark 10:35-45), and then the present lesson. Jesus had now crossed the Jordan and had come into the land of Judea proper. Matthew gives us the account of two blind men, but Mark and Luke tell the story only of these men, Bartimaeus by name.

On this part of His journey Jesus was accompanied by great crowds, doubtless mostly people who were going to Jerusalem for the approaching feast of the Passover.

Bartimaeus, a blind beggar by the roadside, soon learned that it was Jesus who was coming. Jesus had healed blind men before, and Bartimaeus determined to appeal to Jesus for help.

Where had Bartimaeus heard that title, "Son of David," applied to Jesus? It may be that the disciples had preached the Messiah, but it is as well at least to suppose the blind man had made his own deduction. Jesus had healed lepers, restored sight to the blind, made the lame to walk, and even raised the dead. He could be no other than the Messiah, therefore the "Son of David."

His cry was for mercy, "have mercy on me." That is a word upon which emphasis is laid in the Scriptures. The publican in the temple prayed: "Be merciful to me, a sinner." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," declares Jesus in His Sermon on the Mount. There are none who do not need mercy, none who can afford not to show it to others. It is the quality which has in it the essence of Divine love.

Jesus stopped and called for the man who needed help. "He calleth for thee." Here we have one order of events. The man sought Jesus, and Jesus responded by calling for him. In many cases it occurs otherwise. We have it in the Gospel record that "Jesus saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and He saith unto him, follow me. And he arose and followed Him." The important matter is not so much whether the voice of Jesus is heard before we seek Him as it is that the right answer be made to the call. Matthew arose and followed him. "Bartimaeus rose and came to Jesus."

"Lord, that I might receive my sight." There is a spiritual and moral blindness. There is the awful calamity of him who has yielded to sin, namely, that he fails to perceive clearly thereafter what is right and what is wrong. Jesus not only restored physical sight when on earth, but He cleared the moral vision. To perceive the right and have the power to persist in that course is the privilege of those who have heard of Jesus. It is not that Christians never err in judgment or conduct. The true Christian is he who strives as best he may to know his duty, to be in sympathy with movements of the highest progress, to do his duty as he knows it, and leave the results with God. He strives to bring his purposes and motives into absolute accordance with that which is divinest and purest.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole." Again Jesus commends faith as the cardinal principle upon which any lasting results can be built. Faith may be said to be the eyes of the soul. They see furthest who have most faith, not necessarily those who have the best reasoning faculties. Faith may be weak, the eyes of the soul may have lost their light. Lord, "help thou my unbelief."

"And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way." Gratitude is one of the lessons indirectly taught. Bartimaeus was grateful for restored sight. The only way he could show his gratitude was by following and adding his praises to the praises of the throng. The Christian life consists not only in acknowledging faith in Christ, there is after that the following—persistence in the course that has been chosen.

Terse Sayings.

The God who upholds a universe can uphold you.

Liberty is freedom to do what you ought, not what you like.

If you have religion by proxy you may have Heaven in the same way.

There are some things you must both be and live before you can believe.

The artillery of skepticism often opens up new mines in the mountains of God.

The nails of the cross may mortify the flesh but they are the best tonic for the spirit.—Ram's Horn.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER I.

A GOLD MINE.

This is a story not about myself, but about three friends of mine, a man who was a real hero, a lady—well, my readers shall judge of her—and a horse.

A few years ago I was working a gold-quartz mine in California.

It was a worthless mine, under the conditions of that time. I had been dragged into it by the shifts and needs of California life. Destiny probably meant to teach me patience and self-possession in difficulty. So Destiny thrust me into a bitter bad business of quartz mining.

If I had had countless dollars of capital to work my mine, or quicksilver for amalgamation as near and plenty as the snow on the Sierra Nevada, I might have done well enough.

As it was, I got but certain pennyworths of gold to a most intolerable quantity of quartz.

Yes; my quartz had humbugged me. Or rather, let me not be unjust even to undefined stone, not rich enough to pay an advocate—I had humbugged myself with false hopes. I have since ascertained that my experience is not singular. Other men have had false hopes of other things than quartz mines. Perhaps it was to teach me this that the experience came. Having had my lesson, I am properly cool and patient now when I see other people suffering in the same way, whether they dig for gold, fame or bliss; digging for the bread of their life, and getting only a stone. The quartz was honest enough as quartz. It was my own fault that I looked for gold-bearing quartz, and so found it bogus and a delusion. What right have we to demand the noble from ignoble?

Steady disappointment, by and by, informs a man that he is in the wrong place. All work, no play, no pay, is a hint to work elsewhere. But men must dig in the wrong spots to learn where these are, and so narrow into the right spot at last.

A word or two of my companions. A hard lot they were, my neighbors within twenty miles! Jailbirds, some of them, of the worst kind. It was as well, perhaps, that my digging did not make money, and theirs did. They would not have scrupled to bag my gold and butcher me. But they were not all ruffians; some were only barbarians.

Pikes, most of these latter. America is manufacturing several new types of men. The Pike is one of the newest. He is a bastard pioneer. With one hand he clutches the pioneer vices; with the other he beckons forward the vices of civilization. It is hard to understand how a man can have so little virtue in so long a body, unless the shakes are foes to virtue in the soul, as they are to beauty in the face.

He is a terrible shock, this unlucky Pike, to the hope that the new race on the new continent is to be a handsome race. I lose that faith, which the people about me now have nourished, when I recall the Pike. He is hung together, not put together. He inserts his lank fathom of a man into a suit of molasses-colored homespun. Frowzy and husky is the hair Nature crowns him with; frowzy and stubby the beard. He shambles in his walk. He draws in his talk. He drinks whisky by the tank. His oaths are constant.

I went on toiling, day after day, week after week, two good years of my life, over that miserable mine. Nothing came of it. I was growing poorer with every ton we dug, poorer with every pound we crushed. In a few months more, I should have spent my last dollar and have gone to day labor perhaps among the Pikes. I saw, of course, that something must be done. What, I did not know. I was in that state when one needs an influence without himself to take him by the hand gently, by the shoulder forcibly, by the hair roughly, or even by the nose insultingly, a drag him off into a new region.

The influence came. Bad news reached me. My only sister, a widow, my only near relative, died, leaving two young children to my care. It was strange how this sorrow made the annoyance and weariness of my life naught! How this responsibility cheered me! My life seemed no longer lonely and purposeless. Point was given to all my intentions at once. I must return home to New York. Further plans when I am there! But now for home! If any one wanted my quartz mine, he might have it. I could not pack it in my saddle-bags to present to a college cabinet of mineralogy.

I determined, as time did not absolutely press, to ride home across the plains. It is a grand journey. Two thousand miles, or so, on horseback. Mountains, deserts, prairies, rivers, Mormons, Indians, buffalo—adventures without number in prospect. A hearty campaign, and no carpet knighthood about it.

It was late August. I began my preparations at once.

CHAPTER II.

GERRIAN'S RANCH.

It happened that, on a journey, early in the same summer, some twenty miles from my mine, I had come upon a band of horses feeding on the prairie. They cantered off as I went riding down the yellow slope, and then, halting just out of lasso reach,

stopped to view me. Animals are always eager to observe man. Perhaps they want ideas against the time of their promotion to humanity, so that they need not be awkward, and introduce quadruped habits into biped circles.

The mass of the herd inspected me steadily enough. Man to them was power, and nothing else—a lasso-throwing machine—something that put cruel bits into equine mouths, got on equine backs, and forced equine legs to gallop until they were stiff. Man was therefore something to admire, but to avoid—so these horses seemed to think; and if they had known man as brother man alone knows him, perhaps their opinion would have been confirmed.

One horse, however, among them, had more courage, or more curiosity, or more faith. He withdrew from the crowd—the haughty aristocrat!—and approached me, circling about as if he knew himself a higher being than his mustang comrades—nearer to man, and willing to offer him his friendship. He and I divided the attention of the herd. He seemed to be, not their leader, but rather one who disdained leadership. Facile princeps! He was too far above the nobility of the herd to care for their unexciting society.

I slipped quietly down from my little Mexican caballo, and, tethering him to a bush with the lariat, stood watching the splendid motions of this free steed of the prairie.

He was an American horse—so they distinguish in California one brought from the old states—a superb young stallion, perfectly black, without mark. It was magnificent to see him, as he circled about me, fire in his eye, pride in his nostrils, tail flying like a banner, power and grace from tip to tip. No one would ever mount him, or ride him, unless it was his royal pleasure. He was conscious of his representative position, and showed his paces handsomely. It is the business of all beautiful things to exhibit.

Imagine the scene. A little hollow in the prairie, forming a perfect amphitheater; the yellow grass and wild oats grazed short; a herd of horses staring from the slope, myself standing in the middle, like the ring-master in a circus, and this wonderful horse performing at his own free will. He trotted powerfully, he galloped gracefully, he thundered at full speed, he lifted his fore-legs to welcome, he flung out his hind-legs to repel, he leaped as if he were springing over bayonets, he pranced and curvetted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl; finally, when he had amused himself and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

A horse knows a friend by instinct. So does a man. But a man, vain creature! is willing to repel instinct and trust intellect, and so suffers from the attempt to revise his first impressions, which, if he is healthy, are infallible.

The black, instinctively knowing me for a friend, came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome—a neigh and no more. Then, feeling a disappointment that his compliment could not be more melodiously or gracefully turned, he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me every mark of confidence. We were growing fast friends when I heard a sound of coming hoofs. The black tore away with a snort, and galloped off with the herd after him. A Mexican vaquero dashed down the slope in pursuit. I hailed him.

"¿A quien es ese caballo—el negro?" "Aquel diablo! es del Senor Gerrian." And he sped on.

I knew Gerrian. He was a Pike of the better class. He had found his way early to California, bought a mission farm, and established himself as a ranchero. His herds, droves and flocks darkened the hills. The name reminded me of giant Geryon of old. Were I an unscrupulous Hercules, free to pillage and name it protection, I would certainly drive off Gerrian's herds for the sake of that black horse. So I thought as I watched them gallop away.

It chanced that, when I was making my arrangements for starting home, business took me within a mile of Gerrian's ranch. I remembered my interview with the black. It occurred to me that I would ride down and ask the ranchero to sell me his horse for my journey.

I found Gerrian, a lank, wire-drawn man, burnt almost Mexican color, lounging in the shade of his adobe house. I told him my business in a word.

"No good, stranger," said he. "Why not? Do you want to keep the horse?"

"No, not partickler. Thar ain't a better stallion nor him this side the South Pass; but I can't do nothing with him no more'n yer can with a steamboat when the cap'n says, 'Beat or bust!' He's a black devil, of that ever was a devil into a horse's hide. Somebody's tried to break him down when he was a colt, an' now he won't stan' nobody goan near him."

"Sell him to me and I'll try him with kindness."

"No, stranger. I've tuk a middlin' shine to you from the way you got off that Chinaman them Pikes was goan to hang fur stealing the mule what he hadn't stole. I've tuk a middlin' kind er shine to you, and I don't want ter see yer neck broke, long er me. Thar thar black'll shut up the hinge in yer neck so tight that yer'll never look up to ther top of a red-wal again. Allowin' you haint got an old ox-yoke into yer fur back-

bone, yer'll keep off that thar black kettypird, till the Injins tie yer on, and motion yer to ther side or be shot."

"My backbone is pretty stiff," said I; "I will risk my neck."

"The Greasers is some on horses, you'll give in, I reckon. Well, thar ain't a Greaser on my ranch that'll put leg over that thar streak or four-legged lightning; no, not if yer'd chain off for him a claim six square leagues in the real old Garden of Paradise, an' stock it with ther best gang er bullocks this side er Santer Fee."

"But I'm not a Mexican; I'm the stiffest kind of Yankee. I don't give in to horse or man. Besides, if he throws me and breaks my neck I get my claim in Paradise at once."

"Well, stranger, you've drawed yer bead on that thar black, as anybody can see. An' of a man's drawed his bead, thar ain't no use tellin' him to pint off."

"No. If you'll sell, I'll buy."

"Well, if you want go fur to ask me to throw in a coffin to boot, praps we ken scare up a trade. How much do you own in the Foolooner Mine?"

I have forgotten to speak of my mine by its title. A certain Pike named Pegrum, Colonel Pegrum, a pompous Pike from Pike county, Missouri, had once owned the mine. The Spaniards, finding the syllables Pegrum a harsh morsel, spoke of the colonel, as they might of any other stranger, as *Don Fulano*—as we should say "John Smith." It grew to be a nickname, and finally Pegrum, taking his donship as a title of honor, had procured an act of the legislature dubbing him formally *Don Fulano Pegrum*. As such he is known, laughed at, become a public man and probably democratic governor of California. From him our quartz cavern had taken its name.

I told Gerrian that I owned one quarter of the Don Fulano mine.

"Then you're jess one quarter richer'n if you owned half, and jess three quarters richer'n if you owned the hulk kit and boodle of it."

"You are right," said I. I knew it by bitter heart.

"Well, stranger, less see ef we can't banter fur a trade. I've got a hoss that ken kill arny man. That's so; ain't it?"

"You say so."

"You've got a mine that'll break arny man, short pocket or long pocket. That's so; ain't it?"

"No doubt of that."

"Well now; my curwoyow's got grit into him, and so's that thar pile er quartz er yourn got gold into it. But you can't git the slugs out er your mineral; and I can get the kicks a blasted sight thicker'n anything softer er my animal. Here's horse agin mine—which'd yer rether hev, allowin' 'twas toss up and win."

"Horse!" said I. "I don't know how bad he is, and I do know that the mine is worse than nothing to me."

"Lookerhere, stranger! You're goan home across lots. You want a horse. I'm goan to stop here. I'd jess as lives gamble off a hundred or two head o' bullocks on that Foolooner mine. You can't find arny man round here to buy out your interest in that thar heap er stun an' the hole it cum out of. It'll cost you more'n the hulk's wuth of you go down to San Frisco and wait tell some fool comes along what's got gold he wants to buy quartz with. Take time now, I'm goan to make yer a fair banter."

"Well, make it."

"I stumpp you to a clean swap. My hoss agin your mine."

"Done," said I.

"I allowed you'd do it. This here is one er them swaps, when both sides gits stuck. I git the Foolooner mine, what I can't make go, and you'll be a fool on a crittur what'll get a heap more'n you'll want. Haw! haw!"

And Gerrian laughed a Pike's laugh at his pun. It was a laugh that had been stunted in its childhood by the fever and ague, and so had grown up lank without heart.

"Have the black caught," said I, "and we'll clinch the bargain at once."

There was a Mexican vaquero slouching about. Gerrian called to him.

"O Hozay! kesty Sinyaw cumprader curwoy yow nigereeto. Wamos adelanty! Corral curwoyose toethoso!"

Pike Spanish that! If the Mexicans choose to understand it, why should Pikes study Castilian?

The bukkarer, as Gerrian's Spanish entitled Hozay, comprehended enough of the order to know that he was to drive up the horses. He gave me a Mexican's sulky stare, muttered a carumba at my rashness, and lounged off, first taking a lasso from its peg in the court.

"Come in, stranger," said Gerrian, "before we start, and take a drink of some of this here Mission Dolores wine."

"How does that go down?" said he, pouring out golden juices into a cracked tumbler.

It was the very essence of California sunshine—sherry with a richness that no sherry ever had—a somewhat fiery beverage, but without any harshness or crudity. Age would better it, as age betters the work of a young genius; but still there is something in the youth we would not willingly resign.

"Very fine," said I; "it is romantic old Spain, with ardent young America interfused."

(To be continued.)

The railroad damage industry is thriving in Texas. The state railroad commission announces that for the fiscal year ending June 30 last, the railway companies paid out \$1,018,637 for damages to persons in the way of personal injuries against \$653,739 paid out the year before.

PATIENCE A VIRTUE.

Dr. Talmage Says We Are All Saddy in Need of It.

We Should Exercise It in the Affairs of Daily Life—Turns Discard Into Harmony—Final Reward of Patience.

(Copyright, 1909, by Louis Klopsch.)

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full-length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful. Text, Hebrews 10:36: "Ye have need of patience."

"Yes, we are in awful need of it. Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all abloom in hundreds of souls where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a co-worker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean cyclone, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theater and those on the rocks of Mars hill, left him emaciated and invalid and with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves a-jangle. He gives us a snapshot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermon delivery by saying: "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyelids when speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians he says: "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

We admire most that which we have least. Of those of us with unimpressive visage most admire beauty; those of us with discordant voices most extol musical cadence; those of us with stammering speech most wonder at eloquence; those of us who get provoked at trifles and are naturally irascible appreciate in others the equipoise and the calm endurance of patience. So Paul, with hands tremulous with the agitations of a lifetime, writes of the "God of patience," and of "ministers of God in much patience," and of "patience of hope," and tells them to "follow after patience," and wants them to "run with patience," and speaks of those "strengthened with all might to all patience," and looks us all full in the face as he makes the startling charge: "Ye have need of patience."

Do not boast that you are placid and optimistic and free from the spirit of scold. If those who are unfortunate could change lots with you they would be just as sunny. It is not religion that makes you so happy, but capacity to digest your food in three hours and enough coupons cut off to meet all your expenses, and complimentary mention, and capacity to leave your horses in a stable because you need a brisk walk down the avenue. The recording angel making a pen out of some plume of a bird of paradise is not getting ready to write opposite your name anything complimentary. All your sublime equilibrium of temperament is the result of worldly success. But suppose things mightily change with you, as they sometimes do change. You begin to go downhill, and it is amazing how many there are to help you down when you begin to go in that direction. A great investment fails. The Colorado silver mine ceases to yield. You get land poor. Your mills, that yielded marvels of wealth, are eclipsed by mills with newly-invented machinery. You get under the feet of the bears of Wall street. For the first time in your life you need to borrow money, and no one is willing to lend. Under the harrowing worryment you get a distressful feeling at the base of your brain. Insomnia and nervous dyspepsia lay hold of you. Your health goes down with your fortune. Your circle of acquaintances narrows, and where once you were oppressed by the fact that you had not time enough to return one-half of the social calls made upon you, now the card basket in your hallway is empty, and your chief callers are your creditors and the family physician, who comes to learn the effect of the last prescription.

Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached that stage yourself. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a reinforcement that you can have if you will accept it. Yonder comes up the road or the sidewalk a messenger of God. Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that once were populous with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietude in her manner and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from Heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

Many of the nations of the earth have put their admiration of this virtue into proverb or epigram. One of those eastern proverbs says: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." A Spanish proverb says: "If I have lost the rings, here are the fingers still." The Italian proverb says: "The world is his who has patience." The English proverb declares: "When one door shuts, another opens." All these proverbs only put in another way Paul's terseness when he says: "Ye have need of patience."

First, patience with the faults of others. No one keeps the Ten Commandments equally well. One's temperament decides which commandments he shall come nearest to keeping. If we break some of the commandments ourselves, why be so hard on those who break others of the ten? If you and I run against one verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, why should we so severely exorcise those who run against another verse of the same chapter? Until we are perfect ourselves we ought to be lenient with our neighbor's imperfections. Yet it is often the case that the man most vulnerable is the most hypocritical. Perhaps he is profane, and yet has no tolerance for theft, when profanity is worse than theft, for while the latter is robbery of a man, the former is robbery of God. Perhaps he is given to defamation and detraction, and yet feels himself better than some one who is guilty of manslaughter, not realizing that the assassination of character is the worst kind of assassination. The laver for washing in the ancient tabernacle was at its side burnished like a looking glass, so that those that approached that laver might see their need of washing, and if by the Gospel looking glass we discovered our own need of moral cleansing we would be more eonomic of denunciation.

Again, this grace is needed to help in time of physical ailments. What vast multitudes are in perpetual pain while others are subject to occasional paroxysms! Almost everyone has some disorder to which he is occasionally subjected. It is rheumatism or neuralgia or sick headache or indigestion. A draft from an open window or hasty mastication or overwork brings on that old spell, and you think you would rather have almost anything else, but that is because you have not tried the other. Almost everyone has something which he wishes he had not. There are scores of diseases ever ready to attack the human frame. They have been in pursuit of our race ever since Adam and Eve resigned their innocence as well as the world's health. It is amazing how persistent and methodic those disorders are in their attack on the world and how regular is the harvest which with the sharp scythe of pain they mow down for the grave. No such disciplined and courageous army ever marched as the army of physical suffering. They do their work in the order I name, and you may depend upon their keeping on in that same order for a good while yet; first of all tuberculosis, next organic heart disease, next pneumonia, next in number of its victims is apoplexy, next Bright's disease, next cancer, next typhoid fever, next paralysis. Those eight diseases are the worst despoilers of human life. The doctors with solutions and lancets and anodynes and cataplasms are in a brave fight against the physiological devils that try to possess the human race. But after all the scientists can do there is a demand for patience. Nothing can take the place of that. It is needed this moment in every sick room and along the streets and in business places and shops where breadwinners are compelled to toil when physically incompetent to move a pen or calculate a column of figures or control a shovel. But every pastor could show you instances of complete happiness under physical suffering. He could take you to that garret or to that hospital or to some room in his parish where sits in rocking chair or lies upon a pillow some one who has not seen a well day in ten years and yet has never been heard to utter a word of complaint. The grace of God has triumphed in her soul as it never triumphs in the soul of one who is vigorous and athletic.

That grace helped the soldier during the American civil war. His arm had been amputated, and he said to a delegate of the Christian commission: "It seems to me I cannot be grateful enough for losing my arm. It made me thoughtful and opened the way for your delegates to visit me." This grace was well demonstrated by a prominent Christian man who was laid aside by a severe illness during a revival when his services were most needed, and when some one deplored this he said, cheerfully: "My part is to lie here and cough." My friend, do not give up useful activities because you are in pain. Some of the world's best work has been done while in physical distress. Walter Scott was in agony of pain while writing "Ivanhoe." Oh, beautiful grace of patience! It takes discords and turns them into harmony. It smooths the chopped sea. It kindles gloom into glow. It turns requiem into grand march. It trusts when it cannot understand. It forgives before forgiveness is asked. Gracious God! Give it to us, give it to us now, give it to us in abundance.

Now, let us this hour turn over a new leaf and banish worryment and care out of all our lives. Just see how these perversities have multiplied wrinkles in your face and acidulated your disposition and torn your nerves. You are ten years older than you ought to be. Two things, one for the betterment of your spiritual condition and the other for the safety of your worldly interests. First, get your heart right with God by being pardoned through the atonement of Jesus Christ. That will give security for your soul's welfare. Then get your life insured in some well-established life insurance company. That will take from you all anxiety about the welfare of your household in case of your sudden demise. The salutary

influence of such insurance is not scientifically understood. Many a bread winner long since deceased, would now have been alive and well but for the reason that when he was prostrated he saw that in case of his decease his family would go to the poorhouse or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well. That anxiety defied all that the best physicians could do. Supposing these two duties attended to, the one for the safety of your soul in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. If possible, have your family sitting-room where you can let in the sunlight. Have a musical instrument if you can afford it, harp or piano or bass viol or parlor organ. Learn how to play it yourself or have your children learn how to play on it. Let bright colors dominate in your room. If there are pictures on the wall, let them not be suggestive of battlefields which are always cruel, or deathbeds which are always sad, or partings which are always heartbreaking. There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tunes of long meter. Far better to have your patience augmented by the consideration that the misfortunes of this life must soon terminate. Hardly anyone lives to 100 years, but few live to 80, while the majority quit this life before 50. You ought to be able, God helping you, to stand it as long as that, for then by the grace of God you will move into an improved residence and be compassed by all benign and excellent surroundings, into an atmosphere every breath of which is balmy, and a region where every sound is music and every emotion rapture. A land without one tear, without one parting, without one grief.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices: "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A ridge of hills sweeps round the city. A river semicircles it with brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp. Down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palaces which surrounded without one shot of resistance, because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for, oh, how short his stay. Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snowstorms under which 95,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition. To-day, while I speak, we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but to-day we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King and the home of those who are to reign with Him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the 12 gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to the city.

At what hour we shall enter we have no power to foretell, but once enlisted amid the blood-washed host our entrance is certain. It may be in the bright noonday or the dark midnight. It may be when the air is laden with springtime fragrance or chilled with falling snows. But enter we must, and enter we will through the grace offered us as the chief of sinners. Higher hills than any I have spoken of will guard that city. More radiant waters than I saw in the Russian valley will pour through that great metropolis. No raging conflagration shall drive us forth, for the only fires kindled in that city will be the fires of splendor that shall ever hoist and never die. Reaching that shining gate, there will be a parting, but no tears at the parting. There will be an eternal farewell, but no sadness in the utterance. Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No place for her in Heaven, for she needs no Heaven. While love and joy and other graces enter Heaven, she will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long suffering Patience, wait at that gate say: "Good-by! I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need me no more. I bound up your wounds, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavements, but you pass now into the reunions of Heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry. Good-by! I go back into the world from which you came up, to resume my tour among hospitals, and sickrooms, and bereft households, and almshouses. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go to assuage and comfort and sustain, until the world itself expires, and on all its mountains, and in all its valleys, and on all its plains, there is not one soul left that has need of patience."

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Many a bread winner long since deceased, would now have been alive and well but for the reason that when he was prostrated he saw that in case of his decease his family would go to the poorhouse or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well. That anxiety defied all that the best physicians could do. Supposing these two duties attended to, the one for the safety of your soul in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. If possible, have your family sitting-room where you can let in the sunlight. Have a musical instrument if you can afford it, harp or piano or bass viol or parlor organ. Learn how to play it yourself or have your children learn how to play on it. Let bright colors dominate in your room. If there are pictures on the wall, let them not be suggestive of battlefields which are always cruel, or deathbeds which are always sad, or partings which are always heartbreaking. There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tunes of long meter. Far better to have your patience augmented by the consideration that the misfortunes of this life must soon terminate. Hardly anyone lives to 100 years, but few live to 80, while the majority quit this life before 50. You ought to be able, God helping you, to stand it as long as that, for then by the grace of God you will move into an improved residence and be compassed by all benign and excellent surroundings, into an atmosphere every breath of which is balmy, and a region where every sound is music and every emotion rapture. A land without one tear, without one parting, without one grief.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. His army had been in long marches and awful fights and fearful exhaustions, and when they came to Sparrow hill the shout went up from tens of thousands of voices: "Moscow, Moscow!" I do not wonder at the transport. A ridge of hills sweeps round the city. A river semicircles it with brilliance. It is a spectacle that you place in your memory as one of three or four most beautiful scenes in all the earth. Napoleon's army marched on it in four divisions, four overwhelming torrents of valor and pomp. Down Sparrow hill and through the beautiful valley and across the bridges and into the palaces which surrounded without one shot of resistance, because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for, oh, how short his stay. Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snowstorms under which 95,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition. To-day, while I speak, we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but to-day we come in sight of the great city, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King and the home of those who are to reign with Him for ever and ever. Look at the towers and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. Look at the house of many mansions, where many of our loved ones are. Behold the streets of burnished gold and hear the rumble of the chariots of those who are more than conquerors. So far from being driven back, all the 12 gates are wide open for our entrance. We are marching on and marching on, and our every step brings us nearer to the city.

At what hour we shall enter we have no power to foretell, but once enlisted amid the blood-washed host our entrance is certain. It may be in the bright noonday or the dark midnight. It may be when the air is laden with springtime fragrance or chilled with falling snows. But enter we must, and enter we will through the grace offered us as the chief of sinners. Higher hills than any I have spoken of will guard that city. More radiant waters than I saw in the Russian valley will pour through that great metropolis. No raging conflagration shall drive us forth, for the only fires kindled in that city will be the fires of splendor that shall ever hoist and never die. Reaching that shining gate, there will be a parting, but no tears at the parting. There will be an eternal farewell, but no sadness in the utterance. Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No place for her in Heaven, for she needs no Heaven. While love and joy and other graces enter Heaven, she will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long suffering Patience, wait at that gate say: "Good-by! I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need me no more. I bound up your wounds, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavements, but you pass now into the reunions of Heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry. Good-by! I go back into the world from which you came up, to resume my tour among hospitals, and sickrooms, and bereft households, and almshouses. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go to assuage and comfort and sustain, until the world itself expires, and on all its mountains, and in all its valleys, and on all its plains, there is not one soul left that has need of patience."

Get a View Outside.

Perhaps the greatest reason for coming to Berea is the opportunity that you get to see and learn good things which you could never learn in a small school nearer home.

A mountain valley is a good place to be born in. Some of our teachers at Berea were born in log cabins. And a mountain home is a good place to live in. But nobody ought to settle down and live in the county where he was born without first seeing something of the great world outside.

God never showed all the good things to the people of one valley. People make progress by viewing many places and gathering wisdom from many men.

But there are trials and temptations in going away from home. It is hard to go among people who are different from our home folks and may laugh at us. And in a great city we may be robbed or led into temptation. Travel, too, is expensive.

The best way to get an idea of the great world is to go to Berea, where you meet the best young people from twenty different states, where everyone is friendly, and where there are no temptations—except what you bring with you.

The new ideas and improvement in manners that one gets by living in Berea are worth as much as what is learned in a school-room.

When a student goes home from Berea he can generally get a first class certificate, and has besides a great bundle of new ideas about farming, business, and a hundred other things—ideas that will add to his wealth and happiness all his life.

Some folks are afraid the young will come to know more than they do, so try to persuade them to stay away from Berea. Even preachers, who do not know the needs of the present time, do this.

Do not be deceived. You are going to school on purpose to see and learn the things you cannot see and learn at home. You cannot afford to waste your time or money. If there is a school in walking distance of your home, go there and learn all the school can teach. But when you have learned that much, you must go away from home and pay your board somewhere else. When you thus start away you want to go far enough to reach the best school. If you really believe in yourself and think you are worthy of an education, you will not be satisfied with any school but the best.

How to Pick the Best School.

Many people make mistakes because they do not know how to pick out the right school to attend. There is as much difference in the "points" of schools as of horses.

1. In many schools the student goes home every week, and his mind is taken away from his studies. At Berea everything is so arranged as to be most favorable to study. Of course students make more rapid progress here.

2. In most places where there are schools there are saloons, and countless temptations. At Berea there are no temptations except those that a student brings with him. Of course Berea students are safer and show greater improvement in character.

3. In many schools the lessons are only 20 minutes long. At Berea they are 45 and 55 minutes long, and naturally the students get better instruction and more drill.

4. In many schools three or four teachers try to carry on all of the grades and branches. At Berea there is a special teacher for each lower grade (sometimes two or three), and a special teacher for each department of advanced study. In this way the instruction is certain to be vastly better.

5. In many schools the only things to teach from are the books and a few maps. At Berea there are thousands of dollars worth of expensive apparatus. Are not good tools as profitable and necessary in education as anywhere else?

6. In many schools there is nothing to read except the text-books. Berea has eighteen thousand books, and six literary societies; a band, glee clubs, etc., which help the young people to find amusement and recreation that will be profitable.

7. Most schools are conducted to make money, and often the teachers take little interest in the students. At Berea every teacher is a Christian man or woman, and will be a real friend.

Thousands of men and women suffer from piles, especially women with female weakness have this suffering to contend with in addition to their other pains. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will quickly effect a cure. Price 50 cents in bottles, tubes 75 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

"Apprentice Courses."

Some young men and young women come to Berea with very little money, and with no friends who can or will help them. Such students can, of course, stay only a short time.

The thing for them is to become able to earn money as quickly as possible. For this purpose we offer them the Apprentice Courses, in which students give half their time to learning a trade which will help them in earning money, and the other half in such studies as are most necessary, like arithmetic and the history of our country.

For young men the apprentice course is Carpentry—use of tools, framing of buildings, etc. There is always work for a good carpenter.

For the young women the apprentice courses are two; one in Nursing—care of the sick, food for the sick, etc. Trained nurses earn a dollar a day, and frequently more.

The other is in House-work—cooking, sewing, care of house, etc. Girls who can hardly earn a dollar a week when they come to us soon become able to earn two dollars a week, and even more, and at the same time they are getting ready for their own home duties whenever the time may come.

Every family within five hundred miles of Berea ought to have at least one child in some department of this great school.

New Course in Applied Science.

This course occupies only two years, and is the best course for most young people. It contains the most practical sciences, and the history and other studies that make good citizens.

For the young men in this course there are studies in the use of tools; Botany, which means the growth of plants; Gardening, Care of Stock, Farm Management, and other things that make successful farmers.

For the young women there are courses in Sewing, Dress-making, Gardening, Cooking, Care of the Sick, and other things that make a good house-keeper.

Necessary Expenses for 12 Weeks School.

Persons who board themselves can spend as much or little as they choose on living expenses. It pays to have a little extra money for lectures, books, and other things. But the necessary expenses are only as follows:

	HOWARD	LADIES'
School (Incidental Fee)	\$4.50	\$4.50
Ex-penses (Hospital Fee)	25	25
(Books, etc., about)	2.00	2.00
(Key Deposit)	1.00	1.00
(Room (stove, table, etc.))	2.00	2.50
Fuel and Oil	2.50	3.00
Rent of Laundry	5.00	5.00
First Month's Board	5.00	5.00
Living Ex-penses	17.25	18.75
To pay during the term:		
Laundry	1.50	3.00
Beginning 2d Mo., Board 5.00	5.00	5.00
Beginning 3d Mo., Board 5.00	5.00	5.00
	28.75	28.75
Key Deposit returned	1.00	1.00
Total Expense, 12 Weeks	27.75	27.75

For those below A Grammar deduct the \$2 for books, and \$1 from incidental fee, making the total only \$24.75.

When four girls room together each saves \$1 on room, and \$2 or more on fuel, making the total only \$21.75.

Fuel is 50 cents more in winter, and 50 cents less in spring term.

Two rooms for housekeeping, with stove, etc., can usually be rented for from \$4 to \$6 a term. The price of a big calf, a little tan-bark, or a few home-spun bed-covers, will give a term of school which will change one's whole life for the better!

Correspondence.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. Misses Rena and Willie Pollock spent Thanksgiving in Paris.—The rally at the Christian Church raised \$142.—Charley Turner and Mrs. Dora Green are visiting in Cincinnati.—Mrs. Lucinda Latham of Carlisle spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Chas. Suttuth.—Mrs. Thos. Hall and little daughter are visiting her mother Mrs. Maria Green.

Mason County.

Maysville. Miss Lucille Dinwiddie spent Thanksgiving in Danville, Ky. with her parents.—Dr. Harry P. Taylor left Monday for Knoxville, Tenn. where he will resume his studies in medicine.—Charles Jordon, driver of the mail wagon between the post-office and C. O. depot, died Saturday, of heart failure.—Prof. T. A. Reid spent Thanksgiving in Versailles, Ky.—The Epworth League held a grand session Sunday afternoon in the interest of the juveniles.—The primary department of the Fifth St. High School will give the closing exercises Christmas.

Infant mortality is something frightful. Nearly one-quarter die before they reach one year, one third before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen! The timely use of White's Cream Vermifuge would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25c. S. E. Welch Jr.

Madison County.

W. L. McCotter. Oscar Hiatt has returned from Illinois.—Mert Cook is here from Illinois to spend Christmas with relatives.—Miss Lillie McWhorter is visiting her uncle, C. C. McWhorter.—Miss Mary Caldwell has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jack Wilson, of Cowbell Hollow.—W. P. Caldwell closed his school last Friday.—Miss Julia Green is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gabbard, this week.—The dwelling house of Wm. Hiatt is being remodeled.—S. P. Taylor, now of Illinois, is here visiting friends and relatives.—The young people are preparing to have a Christmas tree at the Baptist church.—Miss Stella Duncan closed the Wallace school with an exhibition Friday night.—Jack Wilson sold his place and store to Mr. Bodkins for \$500, and has moved to Cowbell Hollow.

Clay County.

Ogle. M. H. Frederick closed his school to-day.—Wm. Swafford has a full line of Christmas goods.—Ed. Frederick has a severe case of jaundice.—Lydia Davidson is ill with jaundice.—Born to John Bright and wife, a fine boy.—Mr. Alex Means and Miss Zillan Hubbard will be married next week.—This correspondent would be glad to hear from the correspondent at Grace.—Oscar, the oldest son of Wm. Swafford, died of flux.

Grace. David Roe who was reported last week as sick, has died.—J. A. Murray has pneumonia.—Rev. Mr. Parsons was prevented filling his appointment here by the sickness of his daughter.—Mrs. Alice Phillips' children are suffering with tonsillitis.—We have had very high waters and much corn has been destroyed.—Jas. Potter is a candidate for County Judge.—Mrs. Rachel Roe moves to Laurel County this week.

Owsley County.

Booneville. E. T. Reynolds, who has been sick, is about again.—Leonard Reynolds has just arrived from Ohio. He was married to Miss Martha McIntosh a few days ago.—William Wilson and wife, of Cow Creek, are making a short visit at this place.—A. C. Gabbard is not very well.—W. T. Herndon's school closed Friday.—A number of young people from this county are planning to attend school at Berea this winter.

Gabbard. Rev. L. C. Roberts returned from Tallega Thursday. He bought a stock of Christmas goods for H. H. Rice.—Merideth Gabbard visited relatives on Cow Creek Saturday and Sunday. His school closed last week, and he will attend school at Berea this winter.—Cordell Roberts made a trip to Tallega for goods for William Bailey.—Jas. Hoskins, of Jackson county, was here this week buying eggs.—Ballard Huff is making railroad ties in Leslie county.—Everybody here reads and appreciates the CITIZEN. Be sure to subscribe for it.—W. W. Eversole, of Cow Creek, is building a fine residence.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom. The school at Kirby Knob closed Dec. 4. Mr. J. W. Cope who has been our teacher three successive years leaves for Berea. We will miss him in our Sunday School which he has superintended for some months. The organization of our Sunday School was due to Mr. Cope's influence.—Rev. Toley of Madison County expects to begin a series of meetings at White Springs on Saturday.—There was a large attendance at Kirby Knob school house for the supper Friday night.—Edward Anderson of Tyner, sold \$68 worth of homespun wovens to Berea College this week.

Evergreen. Miss Kate S. Lake the regular correspondent for the CITIZEN has been seriously ill.—Dinkie Lake is visiting her sister Mrs. O. M. Payne this week.—Grant and Ruff Abrams are cutting shingles on land belonging to John W. Lake.—Green Lake and Tom Jones are making staves for John W. Lake.—Bennet Ballard who has been sick is recovering.—Miss Minnie Lake has closed her school and is expected home Sunday.—Bradley Lake is suffering with the cold that is so prevalent here.

Any one having jeans or white linen-woolsey to sell, please send samples to Mrs. Hattie W. Graham, Ladies' Hall, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

Constipation means the accumulation of waste matter that should be discharged daily, and unless this is done the foul matter is absorbed and poisons the system. Use Herbine to bring about regularity of the bowels. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

THE FARM.



Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Some Points in Pike Making.

After determining the location and gradients of a pike the details of construction are matters next in importance, and a few principles should be kept in mind.

Good drainage for the road bed is the foundation principle of all road construction. Details for obtaining this would take too much space in this article but drainage should be made sure of before proceeding farther.

The selection of metal should be the next consideration, and if the idea can be kept in mind that the best is the cheapest in the end, much loss of time and expense may be saved.

Just about Berea the choice is gray limestone, "hard metal" and the black shale generally called "slate." That the limestone will wear far the best is beyond question, but it is more expensive to quarry and break and usually has to be hauled farther, so the slate has been given the preference. It is like buying a cheap suit of clothes. If a fellow has a few dollars he can buy a suit that will be warm and look respectable for a while but will quickly become shabby and is gone. A few more dollars would have secured him a suit of clothes that would have given three times the service. If the first was all he could buy it was better than being ragged or naked. The second would have saved him money in the end.

In making any metal road a coarse foundation should be put down, broken so that the pieces will bed, or lie solid, however, and upon this a layer should be placed of stone not larger than two or three inches in diameter and well rolled into place; but without heavy steam rollers. We must dispense with this rolling and add a layer of still smaller stone with some fine material for "binding" or setting the whole together. Now to insure a good pike the surface should be brought to an even grade and a curve from side to side of at least a half inch to the foot given and the whole rolled solidly together. These are the two great points, keeping a curved surface, or good even crown and rolling it all till it beds together and becomes one solid piece of stone. Just here our local pike making is most apt to fail and yet these are the points that a skilled road engineer will put most stress upon. All rocks will slowly disintegrate and go to soil, even the hardest and toughest, though these very slowly; but where ruts are formed to hold water and the grinding action of the loaded wagons makes a "mill," the best of road metal yields very rapidly and this black slate simply becomes mud in a few days, as may be seen anywhere along these new pikes where a crown of well-bedded material has not been secured before these fall rains began. The creek gravel, if well selected, contains so large a per cent of quartz pebbles as to make a fairly good wearing material when well bedded with slate, but the greatest care should be taken to secure the right crown and keep it till the whole becomes solid. Frequent repairing of the smallest ruts where the water may stand is the only way to keep up a pike and the cheapest in the end.

The county could make no better investment than to purchase two or three steam road rollers, but if it is not thought that this can be afforded there should be at least one heavy iron horse roller to a precinct.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that we have investigated Messrs. Chas. L. Pettis & Co., Buyers of country produce, 404 Duane Street, New York, and find them to be worthy of all credit and financially able to fulfill any contract that they might make, and cheerfully recommend them to all dealers in produce, as a sound financial house to sell to.

Yours truly,

DANIELS & COMPANY, Bankers.

6 Wall St. & 96 Broadway, Sept. 28, 1900. New York. 9-27-01.

For burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, or injuries of any description, Ballard's Snow Liniment is a sovereign remedy. It never fails to do good, and so promptly that its wonderful curative properties frequently surprise. Price 25 and 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house \$500 a year salary pay. Honesty more than experience. Cultured. Our reference any bank in any city. Enclose self addressed, stamped envelope. References, Third Floor, 331 Dearborn St. Chicago

THE SCHOOL.



Edited by J. W. DINSMORE, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

School Houses and Grounds.

In many school districts there are excellent opportunities for improvement in the appearance of the house and grounds. Pupils and teachers spend half their waking hours in the school house and on the grounds and they should cooperate in making their surroundings as attractive as possible. As a matter of economy, as well as for the looks, the buildings should have a new coat of paint every two or three years. The paint preserves the wood, adds to the appearance and indicates thrift and interest on the part of those to whom the property is entrusted. The windows should have curtains of a shade that will not injure the eyes, and the store will look better with a coat of polish occasionally, the cost of which is not worth mentioning. The boys and girls should be taught that the property is theirs, was built and provided for by them, that all the money that is spent for equipment and teaching is for their benefit and it is their privilege and duty to keep it in good order and to see that no one mars or defaces desks or walls.

The grounds can be made beautiful by planting trees. Small pines, spruce, cedar, maple, elm and oak trees can be found in abundance and had for the asking. The teacher who will enlist the children in setting out and caring for trees will have something to be proud of the remainder of his life. Appoint an arbor day at the right time of year, whether school is in session or not, engage the services of as many as possible and make a holiday of it. The trees may be divided up among the children who plant them, and given names. Recitations and readings concerning trees will help to make sentiment in their favor and a timely word now and then will prevent any depredations.

Any one who has visited a college of any importance anywhere has observed that the grounds are abundantly supplied with trees. They are a part of the institution and would not be parted with for love or money. But a vast army of boys and girls attend the public schools who never have college privileges. These should be taught to appreciate and care for trees as much as the few who are permitted to attend college. The splendid forests which nature has so bountifully bestowed and which are being practically given away to lumber companies, might be saved from total destruction if the coming generation were taught to appreciate their value. We shall speak of pictures and other matters at another time.

In these days every school room can be decorated with choice pictures at a very small cost. The Perry Pictures Company of Malden, Mass., furnish excellent copies of the finest paintings in the world at a cent apiece. The educational value of a dollar's worth of these pictures would be great and would add much to the interest of the school. In many neighborhoods good framed pictures may be borrowed, kept on the walls a month or two and then returned and others put in their places. Suggestions from teachers along these and other lines will be welcomed by this department.

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the day time, irritability of temper, sleepless nights' general debility, headache and general want of tone of the system, use Herbine. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch Jr.

THE HOME.

(Edited pro tem by the Manager.)

Lifting Your Family.

About twelve years ago two boys were making their way along a mountain road on foot. The road was not a pike, and it had been made soft and slippery by a recent rain. The boys were burdened by a heavy carpet bag and a large bundle, which contained about all their worldly possessions.

As they plodded on they met a man on horseback. He was a kindly-faced man, and he stopped as he came up to the young men.

"Where are you all going?" he asked.

"Oh, we're going on here a piece," the elder boy replied.

"Well, by the looks I allow you're a going to Berea to the College."

"Yes sir, that's where we aim to go. Are we on the right road?"

"Yes, you are on the right road. Keep on and you'll get to Berea. And you are a-doing just the right thing in going there too. I've seen the workings of that school, and what it does for chaps like you. You go to school at Berea a spell and it will lift you out of this mud."

It did lift them out of the mud. They had a hard struggle. They sawed wood for forty cents a cord. They boarded themselves. They stood a heap of ridicule from friends and neighbors at home who ought to have helped them. But to-day one of those young men is a county superintendent, and the other is a rich farmer and store keeper. And their children will do better than they did. They and their families are lifted out of the mud.

Now you and your family will never get hold of the blessings of education unless you begin. You must take a little of the money that is lying idle and send your brightest boy or girl to Berea this winter.

Many of our brightest young people have already learned all they can learn in the free schools and are just wasting their time there.

Don't say you can't afford it. You can't afford not to educate your family.

This is the way they do it in Vermont. A poor mountain farmer there will work night and day, and get one child educated so far that she can teach school, and then she will help the other children.

This is the way they do it in Scotland. The whole family will work and save and get one boy off to college, and he will come home on his vacations and teach the other children.

This is the way they do it in Switzerland. The older boys and girls go down into the low lands and work out, and send the money home so that the younger ones can be educated.

And there are coming to be a great many of our American Highlanders who are as smart, and as anxious to lift their families, as the Scotch and the Swiss Highlanders are.

The price of a few hogs, a few loads of tan-bark, a few extra cattle, will get your child well started for an education.

If you have a girl who likes music, remember that she can have instruction in singing without any extra cost, and that for a few dollars extra she can learn to play on the cabinet organ, and be ready to earn money the year round by teaching music to the neighbor girls.

Berea girls who have taken only a part of the course in Domestic Science are earning as much as four dollars a week in good families in Cincinnati and Chicago.

And remember that any mother can send her daughter to Berea and pay her way with homespun cloth, and bed-covers. There is an advertisement in this paper which tells you that Berea College will pay as much as six dollars for a good, indigo-dyed well woven bed cover.

Don't lose any time. The Winter term begins on the morning of Wednesday, December 12th.

If you have sore throat, soreness across the back or side, or your lungs feel sore or tender, or you are threatened with diphtheria or pneumonia, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally, and use Cousin's Honey of Tar. S. E. Welch Jr.

BEREA COLLEGE Founded 1855

...Places the Best Education in Reach of All...

Over 25 Teachers, 700 Students (from 20 States). Best College Library in Kentucky. NO SALOONS.

Trade Schools—Carpentry, Printing, Housework, Nursing, two years. Model Schools—General Education, and fitting for advanced courses.

For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

Applied Science—Two years course, with Agriculture for young men, and Domestic Science for young ladies.

Normal Course—Two years, with practice teaching.

Academy Course—Four years, fitting for College, for business, and

College Course—Literary, Philosophical, Classical. [for life.]

Music—Reed Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

We are here to help all who will help themselves toward a Christian education. Our instruction is a free gift. Students pay a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction, and must also pay for board in advance. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24.00, about \$14 to be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

Where there's a Will there's a Way.